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# RAILROAD MAGAZINE

*Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906*

Vol. 100, No. 1 May 1976

ONE DOLLAR



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RAILROAD MAGAZINE is published monthly by Popular Publications, Inc., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York and additional mailing offices.


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Single copy $1.00 Subscription in U.S.A.: one year $9, two years $15. Elsewhere: one year $10, two years $16. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office. Send all subscriptions and renewals to Railroad Magazine, Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80302. Address other mail to 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Printed in U.S.A. Please query the editor before submitting manuscripts. We exercise care in handling unsolicited material, but assume no responsibility for its return.


Roger P. Lambert, 1027 Thelma Ave., Vallejo, Calif. 94590

**Night lights glow brightly as Amtrak's *Coast Starlight* northbound makes stop at Martinez, Calif., on October 4, 1975.**

# NEVADA'S GOLDEN RAILROAD

The Virginia & Truckee's destiny was to haul gold and silver from the lusty and fabulously rich Comstock Lode at Virginia City, and when the glittering vein petered out in the early 1900s the railway was doomed. But it lingered on for decades thereafter, mostly as a tourist attraction. The photographs on these four pages were made in that fading era.

Beginning in 1868, the V&T was roughly Y-shaped. It linked Virginia City with Carson City, from which lines shot northward to Reno and southward to Minden.

"In its teeming years," Lucius Beebe wrote, "it was probably the richest short-line railroad in the world, piling up superfluous wealth in staggering quantities for its proprietors. Organized to serve a gigantic program of looting and rapacity almost unparalleled in the annals of an age devoted to theft and spoilation, it was nonetheless conducted with professional competence and pride of management that made it a model for railroad operation everywhere."

Julia Brulette, the Comstock's celebrated "fancy woman" of pioneer times, was, according to Beebe, "the only known prostitute in America to have had a railroad car named after her," meaning the V&T club car pictured on page 5. But Beebe was mistaken. Col. Ned Green, who was given the Texas Midland Railroad by his mother, the ultra-wealthy Hetty Green, had a palace car built for the TM. He named it "Mabel" for his girl friend, Mabel Harlow, whom he had picked up in a Chicago brothel and eventually married.

Chief

**Two photos, circa 1950. (Above) Unidentified tourist inspects one of the gaslight fixtures in the club car named for Julia Brulette. (Page 4) V&T coach in its latter days. Beebe wrote: "Let the Nevada sagebrush grow fragrant where once the railroad ran."**

# THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

Our front cover photographer, Jim Belden.

AMTRAK'S *San Diegan,* shown on our front cover, operates three round trips a day over Santa Fe tracks between Los Angeles and San Diego. Color-shot was made March 10, 1974, by Jim Belden, 2511 Wilburn Ave., Bethany, Okla. 73008.

"For 28 years I often rode that train," he writes. "In pre-Amtrak days it was sometimes as short as three cars on weekdays and as long as 22 on weekends, with six F units powering the longer trains. The route plays tag with the Pacific Ocean between San Clemente and San Diego. I took the photo with a Yashica TL-Super, 35 mm, and 1.7 lens. Film was Kodachrome II. Exposure was at f8 and 125, because the Del Mar. Calif., station is just out of the picture, at the right, and the train moved slowly at that point. Boy in foreground, is my son, Jimmie, who was then six. He is excited at being on your front cover."

Our photographer is an aeronautical engineer, age 43, presently doing structural testing on the new line of Commander single-engine aircraft. Previously he did analysis on the Rohr RTG Turbotrain and BART cars. He was involved in the design of railcars used to ship aircraft wings and fuselage assemblies from California to Georgia.

His father, George Belden, installed telephones on the Oregon Short Line before World War I. The photographer became interested in railroading as a boy, when he rode San Diego Electric Railway streetcars to the end of the line, Union Depot. He'd also watched for the Sante Fe's *San Diegan,* the troop trains, and the San Diego & Arizona Eastern passenger train. In 1947 he began taking train pictures on the Virginia & Truckee while living at Reno, Nevada.

THIS MONTH, as a bonus, we are printing for the first time a full-page color-photo on our inside back cover, facing page 64, suitable for framing or saving in a scrapbook. It shows the Starrucca Viaduct at Lanesboro, Pa., with a Delaware & Hudson train passing beneath and an Erie Lackawanna on top. Photographer is Tom Trencansky, 190 Lower Creek Rd., RD 7, Ithaca, N.Y. 14856.

## My Uncle, E.S. Dellinger

THE AUTHOR of innumerable fiction stories published in your magazine, E.S. Dellinger, was my mother's brother, my Uncle Everett. His railroad career began as a brakeman on the Missouri Pacific. Later, while braking on the Frisco between Springfield and Newburg, Mo., he would stay at our house on his layovers. I was a boy then. We often went fishing together in the Little Piney River on the south edge of Newburg. He had a brother Will who was also a railroad man, a conductor on the Frisco for many years, running between Kansas City and Olathe, Kansas.

Uncle Ev was slightly built, weighed about 140 pounds. Uncle Will was larger and heavier and never wrote anything for publication that I know of. Both men were cheerful and easy-going. In the period between December, 1929, and early 1954 your magazine published a lot of Uncle Ev's stories. I used to buy a copy every month. Sometimes he used the pen-name Ed Samples.

I am a retired machinist. I came to Indiana in 1926 and have been living here ever since. Married a lovely girl from Dixon, Mo., who had moved here two months before I did. We will have a golden wedding anniversary next July 24th.—Edgar S. Joyner, 104 David Drive, Attica, Ind. 47916.

*(Ed.note:* We hope that in July some of our readers will send golden wedding cards to the nephew and niece of the great man who wrote more published rail-fiction stories than anyone else in the world's history, for that is what Dellinger did. He died in Albuquerque in the 1950s. He had moved to New Mexico in the late 1930s because he had an advanced case of lung tuberculosis.

The late E.S. Dellinger, born June 1, 1886 in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, is shown (at left) as a young brakeman on the Frisco Lines and (right) late in life at his adobe shack in the desert north of Albuquerque, N.M., where he wrote most of his fiction stories.

Dellinger's health was so poor, in fact, that I expected him to die almost any day. I had Joe Easley, who illustrated his stories for the magazine, draw a religious picture symbolizing a railroad man's death, which I planned to publish with an obituary tribute that I would write as soon as I learned the sad news. But the wiry little ex-brakeman fooled us all. Dry air of the Southwest cured his consumption and gave him a new lease on life.

Our author became the superintendent of schools in that district and continued to write long fiction stories. For years I put out very few issues of *Railroad Magazine* without a Dellinger byline. On several occasions he was so prolific that I had two Dellinger yarns in the sme issue, one of them being signed with his pen-name. The last one appeared in March, 1954.)

FRANK H. SPEARMAN, a great rail-fiction writer of long ago, was also a broker, traveling saleman, and banker. Born in Buffalo, N.Y., on Sept. 9, 1859, he became interested in railroads by mingling with Burlington Route employes at McCook, a division point in western Nebraska, and began writing for our magazine and for book publishers. His literary career earned him a Notre Dame University medal as outstanding Roman Catholic layman of the year 1935. Death, which has the pass-key to all doors, met him on Dec. 29, 1937.—Info. from Franklin S. Miller and Lucien Emerson.

I WAS much interested in the information on Spearman in your February issue, having long admired his writing. I have several books of his stories, bought in second-hand stores. My first acquaintance with his fiction was as a boy in 1917 in a public library. I also greatly enjoy Harry Bedwell's stories.—Carter R. Bishop, Jr., 424 Iris St., Redwood City, Calif. 94062.

## Freight-Riding Hobos

IF YOU are interested in train-riding tramps of the Depression era and if you like dramatic writing, you will enjoy Loren Eiseley's exciting new book, *All the Strange Hours,* subtitled *The Excavation of a Life* (Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 5th Ave., New York City). Here are samples of it:

"The young, the middle-aged, the old, even a few case-hardened women. We lay like windrows of leaves on sandbars beside the Union Pacific, the Rock Island, the Sante Fe, the Katy. At night our fires winked like the bivouacs of armies. We rode the empty fruit trains coming through Needles into the sand hell of the Mohave. Railroad detectives blackjacked us or turned aside in fear of numbers.

"We gathered like descending birds in spite of all obstacles. Like birds, some of us died because we were old and we perished, unnoticed, of cold in the high Sierras or we slipped under the wheels of freights in moments of exhaustion. If found, what remained was buried in nameless graves along the track. Cheap liquor killed us; occasionally we died by the gun and so did the railroad detectives, pushing their luck too far with sullen unknown men in the night on swaying car tops . . .

"Somewhere in Colorado I lay there and waited for a night train, catching it on the fly after a race from behind a lighted signboard. We bored fast and furiously, into the plains. At a water tank two men climbed the first blind. We were crowded. I moved to an iron ladder behind the engine tender to accommodate them. We were running at a frightful speed and I was taking most of the jouncing. Kansas was almost open country in those days, with little to fear. Men got on, men got off. I was determined to ride that express into another dawn.

"I was drugged with fatigue without knowing it. I had a vise-like grip on the tender ladder but I was directly above the wheels. The pounding had dimmed into one long interminable roar. Still I clung. I was headed home. For the moment I did not realize how little of home remained.

"I was starting to fall asleep in the most dangerous spot in the world, the spot from which others had never wakened. The hands, I thought dimly; I shifted them and clenched once more. I called out in the solitude. I think it was that which roused me. I was alone, no one answered me. The men I had ridden with were gone, dropped off stations ago. I drowsed again and spoke to phantoms in the black dark.

"My hands still held. Slowly, even as I slid downward, something in my body, something divorced from my groggy conscious mind, screamed in protest: 'Wake up! In five more seconds you'll be shredded to bits. For Christ's sake, man, there is nobody there, you're talking to yourself! You won't care any more, but I do. I'm your body. Straighten up, do something, anything! We're going to die.'

"How many more hours, how many miles, how much sleep loss can a man take? What mania possessed me to outride relays of riders in the most dangerous, muscle-jerking spot on a locomotive? I was fully awake now, but too weak even to crawl over the tender on to the coal, or back to the safety of the blind . . . We flashed over a bridge I thought I dimly recognized. We slowed for a station. I waited till we stopped. Never mind the cops. They could have me. I descended and stood silently beside the tender. Only a tired switchman appeared as the fireman high on the tender took on water.

" 'Where are we?' I asked the switchman in the dark. 'Kansas City,' he said . . ."

My daughter Jane gave me a copy of

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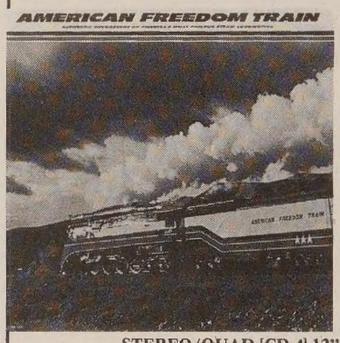


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this book. It's great writing. Not a word wasted. "I was determined to ride that express into another dawn . . . The men I had ridden with were gone, dropped off stations ago."—Freeman Hubbard.

AFTER getting 16 rejections over a period of three years, I have finally found a publisher for my bookscript, *The Life and History of the American Hobo,* but I must expand my chapter on railroad bulls. I had many encounters with this breed during my 8 years as a hobo, 1928 to '36. I need all the info. I can get on this subject. Who can help me?—James D. Isenberg, Box 626, Neptune, N.J. 07753.

THE BODY of Allen Shelton, bundled in a fur-lined topcoat, was found last Feb. 3rd crumpled under a trailer on a piggyback flatcar. A book and some school supplies were at his side, indicating that he had climbed aboard the Chicago-to-Memphis freight after school the day before. His mother, Mrs. Glria Harris, identified the body in Memphis, Tenn.

The boy might have been heading south to spend the holidays with his father, who lives in Roxie, Miss., but Mrs. Harris said she doubted that.

"If he had wanted to go there I would have sent him," she said, "and he knew that. I just don't know what he was running away from."

The county medical examiner ruled Allen's death accidental. The body was clad in two pairs of pants, a shirt, and a three-quarter-length topcoat but had no hat or gloves.

R. W. O'Brien, public relations director for the Illinois Central Gulf in Chicago, said he probably had to endure sub-zero temperatures as the train traveled at speeds as high as 65 mph through overnight temperatures in the low twenties.

A RUNAWAY boy, Shawn Murphy of London, Ont., Canada, age 12, rode on the undercarriage of a train traveling up to 90 mph over a distance of 60 miles. Found on the rods on the night of Feb. 27th., soaked with slush but very much alive, he was released after being treated in a hospital for exposure. His surviving that ride was little short of a miracle.

## Views and Reviews

YOUR EDITOR likes to get short letters. The shorter the better. Putting out the magazine itself is our main job. It's very time-consuming. Each month, all during the month, we engage in an almost frantic race for the various publishing deadlines. There are few weekdays when we don't work overtime on this job.

On top of that, we have no secretary to take care of minor but necessary details. So we handle them ourselves. It cuts heavily into the limited number of hours available for editorial work. It does not let us do as much as we'd like to do toward improving the contents and appearance of *Railroad.* As a result, we do not even read, let alone acknowledge or answer, all the long-drawn-out letters we get.

Our desk always has a pile of unanswered mail on it, which we hope to be able to get around to at some future date. If you feel friendly toward this magazine and want us to put our best efforts into it, instead of piddling around with a lot of correspondence, please don't send us long letters. Of course, many readers will ignore this tip. They will continue to swamp us with letters to throw away unread or barely glanced at. To be sure that we will read *your* message, keep it short. If you must have an answer, at least enclose SSE. But even then we won't have time to dig up and mail railroad data that you ask for individually.

BEING a perishable traffic manager as well as a railfan, I must inform you that all U.S. railroads but the Long Island will, with ICC approval, have thrown away the transcontinental fresh fruit and produce business! This was an exemption from their latest rate hike request, but the ICC allowed a change from a per car rate to 100 weight basis that makes for a 70 percent increase. Eastern shippers who load empty reafer cars on a "2 or 3 for one" basis will be out of luck when these cars stop coming in. For every 1200 cars leaving central California daily during the summer, 2 to 3 times as many more trucks will have to be used. Truck rates on interstate produce are *not* subject to ICC regulation; in the off-season they are only slightly more than rail rates from the West and less than those from Florida while in season.

Trucks use 3 times more diesel fuel than the railroads to move the same load! A five-axle tractor-trailer with 45 feet of load space costs $50,000, lasts 5 years, takes 4 days with 2 drivers to cross the country, and holds 21,000 lbs. of fruit. A 50-foot mechanical refrigerator car costs about the same in 1976, lasts 20 years due to less use, takes 7 days to cross the country, but can carry 138,000 lbs. However, maximum loads of certain perishable commodities range from 40,000 to 90,000 lbs. No railroad has built any such cars since 1972. This nation can ill afford to have all fruit and produce move by truck in view of the limited oil supply and the greater resulting highway congestion. Let's make a loud noise to the politicians this election year before it's too late.—Robert A. Brown, Newbury, Mass.

ANSWERING a request for info. on picture in March issue, page 7: Brown Bover Corp. has general offices at 1460 Livingston Ave., North Brunswick, N.J. Car 100 is a special generator, 20-axel Schnabel-type steel car. Home base is Richmond, Va. Capacity 1,000,000 lbs. Light weight 424,000 lbs. Length empty 1158 10 3/8". Length loaded 113' 6" plus length of load. Width is adjustable to 10'8". Extreme height 13'2".—Dr. David B. Arnold, Dept. of Chemistry Widener College, Chester, Pa. 19013.

GORTON T.H. WILBUR, reviewing *History of the Illinois Central,* said the IC was the last steam railroad west of the Alleghenies to electrify commuter lines. Not so. The Northwestern Pacific (North Shore) did this in 1904 and the Southern Pacific in 1911, both in San Francisco suburbs. The SP killed both services in 1941. BART replaced one of them.—Ted Wurm (one of our *Interesting Railfans).*

IN GIVING so much space to women, you beat even *Playboy.* And although you show an uncanny choice of a writing style fit for third-grade readers, I would never let my children see *Railroad Magazine.*—T.R. Hoefelmeier, 300 E. Sycamore, Anaheim, Calif. 92805.

MY SON, 4½ years old, and I enjoyed "The Roundhouse Cat" in February *Railroad.* Keep up your yarns for kids. Changing the subject, the "Desire" destination sign on New Orleans trolley 453 did not come from Tennessee Williams' play as you stated. There's a well-known district in New Orleans called "Desire." Mr. Williams took the name for his play from the streetcars serving that district, and not the other way 'round.—Bill Withuhn (author, photographer, and *Interesting Railfan),* 123 Linden Ave., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

"WATCH your step" might better be applied to car porter Ms. Heather Csapo (pictured in Feb. issue, page 31) than to the passengers. The wearing of high-platform shoes is not only bad for the feet but could be very risky business around railroad equipment. I recommend that the Canadian National re-evaluate its uniform regulations in that respect, for safety's sake.—Dr. Albert D. Saleker, podiatrist, 413 Pine Valley Rd., Jacksonville, N.C. 28540.

## Hell-Bent for Seattle

WEATHERED reminders of the agony of Indian fighting on the Great Plains over a century ago were blanketed by the first wet flakes of

winter along the Union Pacific right-of-way 14 miles east of Rawling, Wyo., Bob Wiedrich writes in the *Chicago Tribune*.

In 1868, when the post was established to protect the Overland Route and the construction crews pushing the Union Pacific toward the unification of a continent, Fort Steele was the place where a man hollered for help when he was in serious trouble.

It was from here, for example, that Maj. Thomas Thornburg and his troop, clad in Army blue, rode forth one September day in 1879, to put down an uprising of the White River Ute Indians in northwestern Colorado. Ambushed by a 250-man war party, Thornburg and 12 of his troopers were killed. Another 47 were wounded. It took more than two days for a rescue force to reach the Fort Steele contingent while the Utes burned out its wagons and supplies.

Nearly a century later, the barracks stand as gaunt sentinels along the railroad right-of-way across which rolls the commerce of a mighty nation. Rumbling freight trains charge past through the long days and nights as an eternal monument to the deeds accomplished here long ago.

Castle Rock in Wyoming rises 1,000 feet above Green River, a craggy Camelot fashioned over thousands of years. As evening comes on, the headlights of giant Union Pacific diesels illuminate the sandstone cliffs and cottontails hotfooting their way home at dusk.

In the days when the bright yellow serpentine beauty of a passenger train, the *City of Los Angeles,* used to pause to quench its thirst in the UP station there, we often looked up the town's main drag and wanted to stay behind to explore the old hotel and the warm and inviting saloon and Chinese restaurant we could spot up the hill. But the chance never came, and tonight is no different. For the freight train we ride is hell-bent for Seattle at 70 miles an hour, so our sightseeing must be from a window.

## Our Monthly Newscast

PROVIDENCE & WORCESTER has been selected by the U.S. Railway Assn. to operate and maintain some 70 miles of mainline between Groton and Worcester, Mass. The USRA rejected plans submitted by the Norwich & Worcester to operate that same trackage, stating those plans were unsound and that this road had not operated its own properties since 1869 but had leased them out to other companies.

A SPECTACULAR DROP in the number of deaths at Georgia railhighway grade crossings is reported by the Georgia Safety Council. Ronald D. Elliott, executive vice president, said 24 people died at those crossings in 1975, a 65 percent drop from the 69 who died in 1974.

THE DECISION of the Chessie System and the Southern Railway to pull out of the reorganizational plan is likely to raise by some $185 million the cost of ConRail to the taxpayers. The higher cost, however, is expected to be more than offset by the fact that the larger ConRail system will be capable of making more money eventually than if the two carriers had gone through with plans to acquire more than 2,000 miles of track.

THE TOTAL railroad freight car fleet was expanded for the second year in a row as new coal cars dominated equipment acquisitions, according to the Association of American Railroads and the American Railway Car Institute. This expansion occurred although the rail industry experienced its worst financial year since the 1930s and had 70,000 to 100,000 freight cars sitting idle most of the year because of the recession.

WOLFEBORO RAIL ROAD has the okay from the ICC to operate over about 72 miles of former Boston & Maine line between Concord and Lincoln, N. H. The B&M had requested authority to abandon the line and sell it to New Hampshire as part of its deal to reorganize outside of the ConRail plan.

SOME 200 men, women, and children were evacuated from Trainer borough in Delaware County, Pa., for six hours on the night of Feb. 15th after a railroad tank car began leaking poisonous fumes. By 12,20 a.m., workers had finished pumping the toxic chemical carbon disulfide into another car at the Stoney Creek freight yard and the residents go home.

PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE has won trackage rights to operate its trains to Lake Erie under final plans of the U.S. Railway Association and its reorganization of bankrupt Northeast lines. The P&LE, a busy and profitable carrier of iron ore to Pittsburgh area steel mills, will have assured access to loading docks at Ashtabula, Ohio, under the agreement granting it the right to use former Penn Central tracks at Youngstown.

MILWAUKEE ROAD has cut its nine divisions down to seven, named after each state it serves: Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota, Montana, and Washington.

MICHIGAN'S Governor Milliken announces a plan to rescue the financially threatened railroad ferry service between Frankfort, Mich., and Kewaunee, Wis. The ferry service, which carries both rail cars and passengers, had been slated for abandonment, under the 1973 Regional Railroad Reorganization Act. The new

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subsidy plan uses mainly Federal money and will save about 300 railroad jobs in Michigan, according to a spokesman for the Ann Abor Railroad, which runs the ferry.

Money from the plan will come from a new Railroad Revitalization Act recently passed by Congress. Abandonment of the ferry might have killed the connecting Wisconsin rail line, the Green Bay & Western, according to the line's vice president, L.G. Kelly. The GB&W is part of a transcontinental route running from the state of Washington to the East.—Dave Nelson, 3174 Bolgos Circle, Ann Arbor, Mich. 18105.

A UNIQUE freight car "clearing-house" experiment in which three U.S. railroads borrow each other's cars has resulted in improved car utilization and economic benefits, reports the Associktion of American Railroads. The three roads are the Missouri Pacific, the Milwaukee Road, and the Southern, assisted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the AAR.

BILL CHURCH'S article on "Charley Boone and the 5508" (Feb. issue) recalled memories of stories heard at the knees of my grandfather, Nelson P. Cartwright, now a retired MoPac machinist. Railroading runs in my blood. Grandpa gave it to me at an early age. I am now collecting MoPac railroadiana with a zeal that drains my wallet.

He told me a tale of stamina and endurance. One cold, gray, wintry afternoon in 1954, when he was 53 years old, he was ordered out of the Paragould Shops in Vanndale, Ark., at about 3 p.m. A 2-8-2 pulling "varnish" was crippled, having slipped five tires from her drivers. Together with another machinist, Willie Hatccock, foreman Joe Davis, and two helpers, Grandpa rode a relief engine to the scene.

Arriving after nightfall, the relief engine took the stalled train on to its destination while the five shopmen laboriously began to replace the tires in knee-deep snow. Before the engine left, the fireman and hogger made coffee for them in an old tin can inside the cab, boiling water formed by condensed steam from a steam cock. It was 2:30 a.m. when all five tires were finally back in place.

Eventually, the shopmen, hungry and tired, sat down to breakfast in a beanery. They must have been a motley-looking gang after almost 24 hours on the job. Grandpa was the only one with any money on him—a $5 bill, no small sum in those days. They all ate a hearty meal. Grandpa had just 30 cents left, but was told he'd be reimbursed by the expense account. (He was, a month later.) Clarence White, the conductor, who had joined them, said he'd have eaten too if he had known Nelson Cartwright was buying.

They got back to Paragould early that morning, after which Grandpa, with a surprising burst of energy, began and completed a full day's work in the shops. I asked him why, at his age, he went along on a tough assignment that could have been left to a younger person. Said he: "I went to see if a 53-year-old man could still take it."—Fielding A. Poe III, 4147-D, Passport Lane, St. Louis, Mo. 63129.

POST OFFICE officials have warned the railroads that they must maintain on-time delivery in order to retain contracts for hauling containerized mail to 21 new bulk mail centers that the Postal Service is scheduled to open this spring. Although not complaining about present rail service, the postal officials reportedly said if the railroads cannot maintain required scheduling, then the mail would have to go by truck. Last year the railroads received $113 million in revenue for carrying some 50,000 trailers and containers.

A RAILROAD can hardly be expected to contribute much to the pulchritude of the countryside it chugs through, but the Burlington Northern has been voted a special award for its efforts to beautify America.

The national nonprofit organization working for a better environment, Keep America Beautiful, awarded its top industry award for 1975 to the BN for the reclaiming of more than 1,000 acres of semi-arid rangeland which had been surface-mined for coal between 1924 and 1958.

The cost of the three-year reclamation project in Montana was $675,000 or about $650 per acre. The railroad also reduced littering by the careful placement of trash receptables throughout the Montana wasteland.

## He "Joined the Birds"

I RECALL the first trip I made as a borrowed fireman over the Evansville Division of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. Three other stokers and I had been cut off the Illinois Division because the Illinois miners were on strike and the Indiana line was moving a lot of coal from non-union mines in Kentucky. So we worked the route between Evansville, Ind., and Dansville, Ill., about 158 miles. I was called for a coal extra to Dansville. We had a big, old, hand-fired Mike with a booster on the trailer wheels and a hogger who liked to see just how high he could make the cinders go. I reckon some of them haven't settled down to earth yet.

Leaving Evansville yard, we climbed over Eagle hill with the booster cut in, but the job was so tough that I was ready to get off and walk back to the terminal. However, I got my second wind and kept scooping the black diamonds. We took on coal twice. Each time the tank was stripped clean. It was hell. I decided that when we returned to Evansville, I'd quit then and there. Tell them where to go. But at the end of my run I was so exhausted that I just washed up a bit and made a bee-line for the flophouse. Didn't even eat. Hadn't the energy to walk to the engine-caller's office and sign off permanently.

Then I slept like I was drugged. It seemed only minutes before the damned caller, after several vain efforts to wake me up, spilled the bad news: "Watkins, you are called for an extra south with engine 1939." Well, I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and went to work. She was stoker-fired. I didn't touch a shovel on that trip, not even to line up or build my fire. But I still had my mind set on pulling the pin when I'd get back to Evansville. Then my youthful vitality reasserted itself. I was only 21, weighed 123 pounds, and had just been married. So i felt good. Anyway, I worked that route from April to November 1st, when I was recalled to the Illinois Division.

While on the Evansville Division I "joined the birds" twice. Once we swung around a curve near Emerson, Ind., and found that the gandy dancers had taken a rail out and were getting ready to put in a new one. So I took a flying leap from the cab, and for a long time afterward I picked cinders out of my face. We all jumped, in fact. The engine and seven cars turned over, but nobody was badly hurt.

The other time I left the cab without taking time to climb down the ladder was at Mansford Yard at Evansville while we were backing in. A yard engineer with several freight cars had taken our brakeman's signal to back up, thinking it came from one of his switchmen. He butted into the side of our engine, turning her over. All I got was a sprained ankle; the hogger made it safe. Today, in retirement, I don't miss the thrill of handling engines, but I do miss the guys I worked with and the friends I made on the MoPac while running between Salem and Popular Bluff.—Charles F. Watkins, RR 1, Box 138, Findlay, Illinois 62534.

## The Peronality Parade

CLINTON J. HAHN was given a party for his 100th birthday at his home, 269 E. Main St., Bath, Pa., last Feb. 15th. After 55 years of railroading on the Lehigh Valley, Illinois Central, and Lehigh & New England in train, tele-

graph, and engine services, he retired in 1941. Clint does all his own housework and maintains his residence at Bath for most of the year, living occasionally with his daughter in Montclair, N.J. Aside from poor hearing and a touch of arthritis, his health is excellent. He looks like a man in his seventies and attributes his longevity to "being a good Christian."

PHOEBE SNOW is the professional name of singer Phoebe Laub, whose record albums are popular. She took that name from Erie Lackawanna boxcars she played around as a child at Teaneck, N.J. The original Phoebe Snow was a fictional character created by a Lackawanna ad writer to describe a girl who, dressed in white, traversed the "Road of Anthracite" without soiling her spotless garb.

INTERESTING RAILFAN Elmer G. Sulzer, author of *Ghost Railroads of Kentucky, Ghost Railroads of Indiana, Ghost Railroads of Tennessee,* and *Rail Age of Sarasota,* died Feb. 15th in Sarasota, Fla., at age 72. His body was cremated. Elmer was a great guy. A lot of railroad buffs will miss him.

C.R. PIKE was appointed chief mechanical officer and John Fox chief engineer for CP Rail, effective Feb. 1st. Mr. Pike is responsible for the repair and maintenance of all the system's motive power and rolling stock as well as their related repair facilities.

THOMAS E. BRODER of Hartford, Conn., last survivor of a cornfield meet of two Central New England freight trains at New Hartford, Conn., on Dec. 22, 1916, in which two fireman perished, died Dec. 8, 1975, at age 85. Tom retired in 1955 after working many years on the New Haven.

The wreck was due to a wrongly-issued train order. Joe Boni, flagman on No. 914, one of the two trains, was in the caboose, sitting on a chair which had glass insulators on each leg to give it greater mobility, with the result that at the moment of collision he sailed out the front door, chair and all! Engines 126 and 125 were separated by a car loaded with tires for Ford Motor Co. in Detroit. This car was demolished, covering the landscape with tires. Later, car owners rushed to the scene to take advantage of this bounty. The rush ended with arrests and fines; the tires were returned to the CNE.—Edward J. Colgan, 172-12 Crocheron Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

MY FATHER, Oliver C. Joseph, a longtime railfan, recently realized his dream of owning a private railroad car. Like him, I am an active member of the NRHS, the NARP, the NMRA, and the Fraternal Order of Empire Builders Great Northern Historical Society. We have a medium-sized HO gage layout depicting a fictitious GN branch line. Dad owns the former Southern Railway freight yard directly behind our Dodge-Chrysler agency in Belleville, Illinois, and managed to save the old freight depot, beside which we reinstalled 100 feet of track on which to place the car, ex-Pennsy No. 100, built in 1927.

We bought the car from William Moedinger, general manager of the Strasburg Rail Road and one of your magazine's *Interesting Railfans.* Before you can print this letter, it will have been installed in its new home, with each room gaily decorated with memorabilia and equipped with railroad chinaware, silverware, furniture, etc. Any info. we can get on the history or operation of this car will be appreciated.—Brad Joseph, Covered Bridge Lane, Fairview Heights, Ill. 62208.

THE LAST known surviving laborer of the old Central Pacific (now SP), Ah Jim, a Chinese gandy dancer, who died

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The eyes of Texas are upon you. Ex-T&P 2-10-4 No. 610, hauling the American Freedom Train, stops for water at Navasota, Texas, February 18, 1976, where press boarded for ride to Houston. The local schools let kids off to see train. Goodyear blimp "shadowed" AFT from Spring to Houston.

Tom Kelcec, 20 Fairfield Drive, Convent Station, N.J. 07961

in 1945, is believed to have been 118 years old. Not even that advanced age set was unique. The oldest American on the Social Security rolls (don't remember his name) passed away a few years ago at age 126, according to Federal records. Getting back to the Central Pacific, Joe Graham, an assistant construction engineer, was 97 when he died in May, 1939. Does anyone know of other men who helped to build the transcontinental line and passed on in the 1900s?—Howard E. McConnell, 658 Velley Rd., Montclair, N.J. 07043.

YOU printed a request of mine for info. on streetcars that used to run in Jersey City, N.J., my old home town. Half a dozen readers answered, sending me photos and maps. Thus I could trace routes I remembered as a boy and I gained some pen pals, including a retired Jersey Central engineer. Keep up your rail-girl pictures and fiction stories.—John W. Rapoza, (SP engineer), 9552 E. Live Oak Ave., Temple City, Calif. 91780.

MY GREATGRANDFATHER Schmidt was master mechanic of the Georgia Railroad in the Augusta Shops and I grew up in New Orleans in the twilight of steam power. You mentioned *Prevention* magazine in a recent issue. Its editor-publisher, Robert Rodale, runs a beautiful and interesting "organic" farm about four miles from my home. I don't like use of the word *railfanette,* which I consider a gross atrocity against both the English and French languages.—Henry Schmidt, Assistant Professor of Music, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. 18104.

*(Ed. Note:* What's wrong with it? Our *American College Dictionary* defines "ette" as a noun suffix, the feminine form of "et," citing as examples *coquette* and *usherette.)*

## Central Vermont Wreck

DETAILS on the photo in Dec. '75 issue of Central Vermont engine 409 at Bethel, Conn., come from Edward Baumgardner, RD 2, Box 318, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

On the morning of Dec. 17, 1908, two southbound extra freight trains were being held on sidings at Randolph, Vt., for the passage of a passenger train. One, Extra 892 consisted of locomotive 892 and 33 freight cars; the other, Extra 409, locomotive 409 and 22 cars.

After the passenger train had gone, each of the freights had orders to proceed to Bethel, (seven miles, downgrade) No. 892 to take siding there. Extra 892 left Randolph at 8:55 am, ran rapidly until it rounded the curve at the "Ledges" near Bethel yard where it slowed down to six or eight miles per hour to take siding as ordered.

At 9:08 am., just 13 minutes after Extra 892 had left Randolph, and when its locomotive was within about 30 rods of the switch opposite Bethel station, Extra 409 crashed into the rear of the first freight, injuring no one but badly damaging several freight cars and set the caboose afire. Engine 409 turned over across the track.

The wreck occurred half a minute after Extra 892 had slowed enough to allow the flagman to drop off and start north perhaps ten rods, when Extra 409 passed him without acknowledging his stop signal. He reported that just as he dropped off his train, No. 409 was rounding the curve.

The CV had a so-called "ten-minute" rule that no train should leave a station sooner than 10 minutes after the departure of a previous train going in the same direction. Blame for the wreck was placed on the engineer and conductor of Extra 409 for having failed to obey this rule. Both were discharged.

## Canada Heard From

I OFTEN watched brakemen precariously walk the freight cars tops on the Canadian Pacific's Mountain Division in British Columbia in the 1920s while I was firing steam power. Those solitary walks were not too dangerous in the daylight hours of mild weather but were very hazardous at night, especially in a storm or high wind. During the fierce Canadian winters, with snow and ice making the car decks slippery, you had to watch your step. I didn't envy their jobs. For me, the safest and most comfortable spot on a train was in the engine cab.

Not until the late 1920s were electric lanterns made available, but the train crews had to buy them! Conductors were the first to begin using such lanterns. Most people resent modern ideas, new ways of doing things, and brakemen are no exception. For some time many of them avoided the newfangled electric "glims" and stuck to the oilburners, which they found more reliable. The old oil torches with wicks would stay lit even in a howling blizzard.

Passenger trainmen had the railway's safest operating job, but even they had moments of danger. On a biting cold winter night long ago a certain passenger train was slowing down at a station. The conductor stood on the bottom step of a coach, ready to drop off at the depot office. He'd put on his heavy uniform overcoat but had failed to button it up. As he stepped down to the station platform one of the gleaming brass buttons on his open coat caught into something in the coach doorway, swinging him around between the cars. With a frightful scream, he died instantly beneath the wheels of the still-moving train!—Bert Lanning, 717 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W IN9.

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Pictured here is the "Flying Dutchess" English steam train - a view of the restored Boyne City Railroad General Offices - the large Boyne City depot, snack bar and gift shop - and a Russell snow plow.

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# RAMONA K. McGUIRE

*Interesting Railfan No. 161*

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

SHE WAS BORN at National City, Calif., on September 7, 1933. As a little girl living at Grants Pass, Ore., Ramona K. McGuire could hear the plaintive wail of steam locomotive whistles from across the river, which at night gave her a shivery feeling of exultation. Prior to that the family lived in Berkeley, Calif., where a streetcar line passed their door.

Her enthusiasm for railroads came after she had grown up and wanted to travel without driving a car. Her first organized fantrip was an excursion sponsored by the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society from her home in Redding, Calif., to Reno, Nevada, and from there to Pocatello, Idaho, where many boomers worked as yardmaster in years gone by.

They reached Pocatello on a Sunday. The rest of the group took a bus ride to a beanery for breakfast; but the Union Pacific depot fascinated Ramona so much that she passed up the meal and hung around there instead. One of the UP men introduced her to the division superintendent. She was given a cross-section of rail dating back to 1888, plus other railroadiana, which she still treasures, and she photographed some cabooses nearby. Then her fellow travelers returned from breakfast and their train rolled over a freight-only line to Butte, Montana. For Ramona it was a lean and hungry ride, but the girl had stars in her eyes—she had suddenly become a railfan.

"Like my father, Donald C. McGuire, who was a rigger and ironworker, now retired," she says, "I enjoy machinery and heavy equipment. I also enjoy the throbbing sound and feel of standing beside a locomotive as it builds up power to pull tonnage."

During her first ride behind steam power, which was over the McCloud River line on an open car, dark glasses kept the cinders out of her eyes, but the slacks she wore were stained so badly by locomotive soot that no amount of soap or bleach could make them wearable again. Even so, the trip was so much fun that she regarded the ruined pants as only a minor sacrifice.

"I learned, though," she tells us, "that you can't shoot a good picture of a train while you are riding it. I never tire of taking photos of locos, whether steam or diesel. To some people all diesels look alike, but to railbuffs each has a personality of its own. I like especially to photograph Amtrak's SDP-40's and trains wheeled by more than one kind of power."

A big event in Ramona's life was going to Expo '74 in Spokane, which took her two days and two trains, plus rides in a taxi and a bus. "At last," she says, "I saw the UP's great 8444 face to face." She stayed there three days. The weather was hotter than the hinges of Hell, but she could hardly bear to leave the 8444, which loomed up clean and proud and beautiful.

"When kids climbed up on her, I wanted to scream, 'Get down!' but I had to remind myself that my proprietary interest in the big engine was only in my mind and not a fact."

Last year, while taking pictures on the McCloud River's snow trip, sponsored by the Pacific Locomotive Association, of which she is a member, Ramona got off the train into deep snow.

"If you stepped lightly," she recalls, "you might remain on the snow's upper crust; but if you didn't, you sunk into the white stuff up to your knees. Well, at the most photogenic spot of all, with lofty Mt. Shasta towering behind the McCloud River's No. 25, a Prairie type, I had to change film and I put the exposed roll in my pocket. But when I got back to my seat on the train to sort out my belongings, the roll had vanished! I felt like crying. I knew he'd never go back to the place where I had shot the pictures. Half an hour afterward, though, the roll showed up mysteriously at my seat.

"About six months later, on another trip, I learned that the McCloud River engineer, who'd been told about my mislaid film, had stopped his train and looked for the film, for which I felt both foolish and appreciative."

On the quiet afternoon of May 25, 1975, at the former Southern Pacific passenger station (now Amtrak) in Redding, Calif. Photograph by Ramona K. McGuire

RAMONA prefers to take pictures that show the engine to advantage, with little scenery or backdrop, but also likes to include depot signs in her photos. In addition, she photographs trains with-

Ramona rode swing on vacation in Canada in 1938. Riding trains later was more fun.

Ramona didn't want to violate a safety rule by standing on a railroad track in her home town of Redding, Calif., but photographer insisted.

out showing the engine, and old steel truss bridges, as well as snowplows.

Going home from the school, Anderson, where she teaches two classes of seventh-graders, Ramona usually drives along an old highway paralleling the Southern Pacific single-tracked mainline. Around a curve about midway on her journey is a siding, where a train occasionally stands. On clear days she always watches for it, because of the crossing on which she can take a picture or two.

Ordinarily, a train is stopped on this sidetrack, waiting for another train to meet and pass. Sometimes the crew has gone to lunch when this happened. The next best thing for Ramona to find there would be for a train powered by a Union Pacific unit. The SP changes power with the SP in this vicinity, and the bright UP units are ideal for color photography.

One day a train with a UP unit stood at this point. Not seeing anyone on it, she decided the crew had gone to eat. After parking her automobile, she looked both ways and walked across the track, with her camera, to take advantage of the sun. There she saw the engineer in his cab. He hadn't gone to the beanery, but was waiting for a meet and he asked, "Do you want me to take your picture on the engine?"

"Oh, yes," she said joyfully.

He even handed her a paper towel so she wouldn't soil her hands. So, short skirts and all, she climbed on the loco. He clicked her camera. Then she climbed down, very happy, and joined the engineer in waiting for the meet, which she photographed.

Fred A. Stindt, chairman of the Pacific Coast Chapter of R&LHS, had Ramona as a seat companion on a bus chartered by the chapter en route to Heber, Utah, from Ogden last year.

"She has a pleasing personality and a great interest in passenger trains," he writes. "Rarely is the opposite sex so completely taken by rail travel. She should be on Amtrak's payroll."

Ramona is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, well built, and weighs a trim 130 pounds. Like most Irish colleens, she has twinkling blue eyes and a ready smile. "I guess I look like a school teacher," she told us, "but I try not to."

Her "trainperson self," as she calls it, is different from her other self. Aboard a train, she is at ease, gregarious, and charming. Elsewhere, she is more practical, introverted, methodical, and precise.

"I accept whatever comes on a train trip," she says, "be it an underheated or overheated car, a dry drinking faucet, or what have you."

One day last fall she was riding a train which eventually took her to the Hearst Castle at San Simeon, California, the dining-car stove could not be lighted, so she settled for cold sandwiches instead of the hot morning meal she had expected. But she ate it graciously.

"What ho!" she chortled. "How often can you have a turkey sandwich for breakfast?"

On the return trip, some passengers complained about the dirty car windows.

"Well," she reminded them, "this train has come all the way from Los Angeles and we had rain all the way. At such times it's pretty hard to keep the windows clean. Besides, I'd rather be in a train with dirty windows than in a bus with clean ones."

After graduating from high school in Grants Pass, she moved to Glendale, Calif., got a job as clerk-typist at Lockheed Aircraft, which today is very much in the news, and occasionally rode the Pacific Electric's big red cars to and from L.A. Then she worked a year for the Grants Pass Police Department to earn enough money to finish college. Her other jobs included a year on the Redding *Record-Searchlight* and a spell at a radio station. Nineteen years ago she became a teacher—and is still at it—in the seventh grade at Anderson Elementary School, 1646 West Ferry Street in Anderson.

The SP mainline on which UP locomotives operate occasionally runs through the middle of Anderson. Ramona believes that her

Bundled up in 25-degree weather last Nov. 25, Ramona boards Freedom Train at Klamath Falls, Ore. Photograph by Jerry Mattoon of the Klamath Falls Herald & News

class is the only one in the nation in which the pupils can tell the difference between locomotive whistles of the two railroads.

"We can hear them from our classroom," she said. "When an airhorn sounds, I usually stop what I am doing and turn my head like the dog in 'His Master's Voice'. The children suddenly become quiet and we all listen. If it's SP I will announce the fact to the class; but if it's not, one of my boys is likely to say 'It's You Pee.' I try to make the children aware of railroad history and interest them in reading the railroad names on passing freight cars. I impress on them the power and speed of moving trains and the distance involved in stopping one.

"I put railroad pictures on my bulletin boards and hang up Amtrak posters and railroad maps on the wall. I tell the kids where I've traveled by rail and where I will go, to give them an idea of the romance of train travel. On November 23rd some of them stood beside the tracks to watch the Freedom Train roll by. For St. Valentine's Day I gave each of them a cookie topped by an Amtrak stirrer, simulating an arrow, which of course it is, and had them make valentines with the silhouette of a steam engine and a smoke plume shaped like little hearts. In our music period I include railroad songs, and sometimes I read railroad stories to them."

"The purpose of education as I see it," she explained "is to make young people aware of the wonder which surrounds them. Also to help them to adjust to the undesirable things in life that cannot be changed and to alter those which can be. I teach the kids that if you want almost anything urgently you can get it, but not easily."

SHE LIVES in a one-bedroom apartment at 2235 Tehama No. 7, Redding, Calif. 96001, and sleeps in a bed which conceals photo albums, scrapbooks, and other railroadiana. Her parents are divorced and she lives alone.

"Have you ever been married?" we asked.

"No. I am waiting for a man who owns a railroad or at least a caboose in which I can put all my memorabilia."

While Southern Pacific train was stopped at Girvan Road crossing south of Redding, waiting for a meet, engineer (from borrowed UP loco) invited Ramona aboard head end to have her picture taken.

She does not have a steady boy friend, but is well acquainted with five fellows with whom she likes to talk railroading.

"There are worse things than being alone," she says. "One of them is being around some people who make you wish you were alone. I knew such a fellow for quite a while, and the best thing that ever happened to me was getting rid of him. I like to be taken to dinner and treated like an *unliberated* lady. I like the perquisites of being a girl. But there aren't enough single men around, at least in my locality. Not enough places where a lady can meet gentlemen except in buses, and I don't care for buses.

"Maybe my Achilles heel is impatience. Maybe it's being too practical. Maybe it's believing too readily what I am told. I can't understand people who immerse themselves in TV for hours at night and still less do I understand those who invite me to visit them and they sit and watch TV."

"Ramona has carefully accounted for every available inch in her apartment to display and store her railroadiana," writes trainchaser Dave Mitchell of Redding. "I keep wondering if some day she will get one more item than she can find space for. It's nice to know someone like her who is on Amtrak's side. She is always telling people how great it is to ride a train. Because she likes to dress in red, white, and blue Amtrak colors, many passengers assume she is an Amtrak hostess. After taking her first Freedom Train ride she wrote a 24-page account of it.

"Last June she had elaborately planned a train tour to Chicago, with railroad-oriented side trips. A few days before she left, we learned that SP steamer 4449 was to come through Redding under its own power en route to Chicago to join the Freedom Train. But Ramona's schedule had put her about one day ahead of the engine all the way! So she didn't see it. Later, though, she had the last laugh, after missing 'the greatest railroad event to happen in Redding.' She actively campaigned by letter-writing to get the Freedom Train to

stop at Redding. Due to a tight schedule, it could not; but because of her efforts she was invited to ride it behind the 4449, for over 200 miles, right through Redding!"

Politically, she considers herself "just another disillusioned Democrat, wondering why we can't come up with a viable candidate. As a charter member of the San Francisco Giants' Boosters, she is "crazy about baseball." She reads a lot of fiction and non-fiction, especially railroad books, and a few magazines.

"I get quite involved in novels," she admitted "and sometimes live vicariously. Every Monday I read a story, sometimes a railroad story, to my class, preferably one that will make them think."

Ramona wears short dresses to school, never pants, because she thinks it gives the children more respect for their teacher. For some railfan activities she wears a suit with SP buttons and a bright red vest with Amtrak buttons.

"I like pretty colors," she told us, "so that even though I may feel dreary, no one knows it but me. I own lots of records, ranging from Beethoven to Western music, especially train songs and a few steam recordings. I also have many story records, some of which I play in the classroom, and records of famous literary people reading their own writings."

She just loves living near the railroad tracks. Now and then she picks up little things used in railroading. Most of her collection are items she has found or been given by railroaders or fans. The walls of her living-room and bedroom are alive with pix of trains, trains, trains. She has a jigsaw puzzle picture of the wreck of the old 97 and two other puzzle pictures, all of which her pupils gave her. She also has two original paintings and a metallic etched view, of the 4449 in *Daylight* service, plus several decupage pictures made from railroadiana.

And that isn't all. Ramona possesses five 8x10 colored prints of the 4449, framed separately and hanging in a cluster.

Some large pictures she has to store in a closet because she has nowhere to hang them. Her photos are kept in albums, each album devoted to one trip or a specific time span. She also has albums of railroad postcards, pictures, calendars, calendar prints, etc., all of them annotated on her typewriter. When going on train rides, she usually takes along some of her albums and, she says, has no difficulty in finding people who like to look at them. It couldn't be, Ramona, could it, that the men find *you* more interesting and much prettier than the photos you show them?

Likewise in her collection are books, locomotive models, cross-sections of rail, dining-car silverware and menus, jewelry, buttons, patches, stationery,—you name it.

ANDY PETERS, who is the SP's second-trick telegrapher at Redding, first met Ramona when she was returning from an Amtrak trip.

"As the work on my job was caught up," he writes, "and since she is a very attractive woman and had several suitcases, I volunteered to drive her home. Thus I had my first real exposure to a railroad buff. Although I have worked for the SP about 28 years, I don't have the enthusiasm for railroads that she has. On her front porch is a two-foot piece of heavy-duty rail supporting a large locomotive-shaped planter. Her living room is a miniature railroad museum, all neatly arranged. To itemize her collection would fill a whole page. She has a two-foot piece of railroad tie imbedded with about 50 dated tie-nails, all identified; also switch keys, a line of railroad records extending several feet, and a well-read railroad library.

"I have an old Edison cylinder recording of the Casey Jones song, a cassette tape of which I gave her. For Ramona to receive such a minor gift pleases her as much as my stocks going up several points would please me. I also gave her a genuine old switch lamp, electrified and antiqued, with a red globe. She likes it, except for the color. She didn't want to convey the impression that her home was a red light district, so I changed the globe for her.

"The way this girl treats visitors bears a direct relationship to their interest in railroading. She serves coffee in Union Pacific mugs on Amtrak napkins and Santa Fe place mats, with Great Northern or Burlington Northern spoons.

"But don't mistake me. Ramona is a complex and well-educated person, versed on many subjects and a pleasure to talk with. On my job at Redding I work with a minor computer and save for her the daily movements of four engines as well as cabooses 1776 and 1976. Mine is the graveyard shift (midnight to 8 a.m.) Ramona often joins me there for a few hours. In between Amtrak trains we check on four yards. I read off the car numbers while she does the writing."

Ramona belongs to the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, the NorCal Railroad Club, the Pacific Locomotive Association, and the National Association of Railroad Passengers. She has been on fantrips with all of those organizations except the NARP and has ridden behind steam on eight tourist roads. The list of Amtrak trains she has traveled on is impressive.

Although this unusual young woman is nominally Roman Catholic, religion plays very little part in her life. She quoted Stephen Crane, "Life is but a lighted highway to the tomb," and added:

"Let me try to help someone to forget for a while the truth of Crane's statement, and perhaps I will have done something useful. But I seldom have deep and philosophical talks with anyone, because I don't want to share my innermost thoughts. When I'm in a mood that is less than pleasant, I tend to immerse myself in some project such as 'albumizing' pictures, compiling a scrapbook, or studying a railroad atlas or timetables. Thus the unpleasantness, whatever it is, usually works itself out. I also lean toward the philosophy of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind* in saying, 'I'll think about that tomorrow.' "

We asked Ramona what she'd like most to be remembered for. We've put the same question to 160 other railfans for this series of personality sketches. To our surprise, she is the only one who admitted: "I don't care if I am remembered. I don't plan to leave any descendants, but I hope people will think of me as a good teacher." •

# PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

AMTRAK is being sued by the Justice Department, which claims 4 passenger trains were discontinued in the Washington-Boston Corridor without approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, reports *The Locomotive Engineer.* Federal law requires that ICC permission be obtained before service can be discontinued on certain routes which were part of the basic Amtrak system. The ICC said Amtrak failed to apply to the ICC for approval before taking the trains out of service.

The suit asks U.S. District Judge John Lewis Smith, Jr. to order the four trains restored to service. The Justice Department said Amtrak's action in taking the four trains out of service is a policy "inconsistent with the policies and purposes" of the law under which the passenger system was established, and represents a "refusal, failure and neglect" on the part of Amtrak to discharge its duties.

TEN NEW Amfleet trains are serving New York City daily in regularly scheduled operation, now that in-service testing of the new equipment is complete.

"These are our showpiece trains," said Paul H. Reistrup, Amtrak president. "They are the most advanced rail passenger cars available in the U.S. and among the world's finest." The announcement came six months after Amtrak first began testing Amfleet equipment on selected trains between Washington and Boston. On Feb. 15 Amtrak formally introduced the new equipment. These trains serving New York northbound to Boston include the 9:10 a.m. *East Wind,* the 11:10 a.m. *Minute Man,* the 5:10 p.m. *Senator,* and the 7:55 p.m. *Merchants Limited.*

Southbound, New Yorkers may ride Amfleet on the following schedule: the 1 p.m. *Minute Man,* 7 p.m. *Senator,* and 9 p.m. *Merchants Limited* to Washington, and the 11 p.m. *Bunker Hill* to Philadelphia. The *New Yorker,* which operates from Washington to New York City, arriving at 11 p.m., also uses the new equipment.

"Between New York and Washington, this is the most comprehensive equipment improvement since the Metroliner program began in 1969," Reistrup said. "This also brings Metroliner-quality service to New England for the first time."

Passengers are finding the ride in Amfleet cars smooth and the atmosphere quiet, due to an air suspension system and extensive use of soundproofing and carpeting on floors, walls and ceilings. The new cars are equipped with electric heating, air-conditioning, and humidity control; also automatic sliding doors, individual reading lights, and a modern public address system. Available at each seat is a pulldown tray for eating or writing. For first-class travel, the trains feature two-and-one seating in Amclub cars. Amtrak ordered 492 of the new lightweight cars from the Budd Company at Philadelphia.

"Since we are receiving these new cars at the rate of one every working day, a rapid conversion of additional trains to Amfleet equipment will occur in the coming months," Reistrup said.

AMTRAK is offering special fares to get travel moving before the summer Bicentennial crunch begins in mid-June. A spring bargain is the unlimited travel U.S.A. Rail Pass available for a 2½-month test period, which began March 1, to citizens of all countries, including the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Previously it was sold only to visitors from abroad and had to be bought overseas.

New Florida coach excursion fares—$99 for a round trip either way between New York and Florida—save up to $45 over regular Miami-New York rates. Other cut rates are $129 for the Montreal-Florida roundtrip, a saving of $59.50 to Miami, and a special $49.90 one-way Chicago-Florida coach fare, a saving of $24.10 to Miami. All are good through June 14, except for a mid-April blackout on New York-Flordia trains (also used on Montreal runs).

The Rail Pass is good for unlimited coach travel on all Amtrak trains except Metroliners: $150 for 14 days, $200 for 21 days, $250 for 30 days. Children 2 through 11 pay half-fare. Travel must begin within 15 days of purchase. Passes are sold at these fares through May 15. Pass-holders must obtain a ticket for each trip at an Amtrak ticket office. Segments of trips may be upgraded by paying the difference between regular coach fare and desired Metroliner or first-class service.

Since March 15 this Pass has been honored also on Southern Railway trains. Reservations, which are required on many trains, may not be made prior to buying the Pass.

A survey showed 65 percent of Amtrak passengers travel on vacations, 20 percent for business, and 15 percent for other reasons. Total route network is now some 26,000 miles as result of addition of five new routes, totaling 2,000 miles, in 1975. Although Amtrak's passenger volume in 1975 declined from 1974 peaks, due to the energy crunch, mileage totals have increased at a 9 percent annual rate from Amtrak's first complete year of operation in 1971 (3,038 million) to last year (3,939 million).

KOSHER MEALS for Amtrak passengers, in a pleasing variety, are available in almost any part of the U.S.A., if given 24 hours' notice. A kosher meal cost ranges from $3.50 to $4.25 served in packaged form with the rabbinical seal unbroken and with kosher eating utensils.

Fred Hendee, Amtrak's food and beverage chief, says lunches and dinner now available feature beef jardiniere, roast boneless breast of chicken, and filet of sole almondine. Breakfasts offer a Spanish omelette or Nova Scotia salmon omelette. A passenger requiring salt-free, low calorie or other special diet should consult with the staff of his train's dining car. Food generally can be cooked to a special request—without seasoning or butter, for instance—or broiled instead of fried. Most long-distance Amtrak trains carry a limited supply of baby foods, but it would be well to bring your baby's own usual brand and type. Baby foods and bottles can be heated in the galley.

JUST AS movie fans pride themselves on such facts as the names of Joan Crawford's leading men in 1938 and baseball fans can reel off batting averages for long ago, so can a real devotee of the passenger train wax encyclopedic on rail services. But how much does the average American know about such thing. Here's a test:

(1) What is Amtrak's longest route?

(2) Which train serves Glacier National Park?

(3) What is the top speed of any Amtrak train?

(4) What is the difference between a roomette and a bedroom?

(5) What are the terminal points of Amtrak's *Floridian?*

(6) Which states does Amtrak serve?

(7) What equipment is used on the through train between Detroit and Milwaukee via Chicago?

(8) Which Amtrak trains were built in a foreign country, and which county?

(9) Which is Amtrak's busiest station?

(10) What is the Colonial Corridor?

If you can answer eight of the above,

you may qualify as a railbuff 1st class. If you answer five, you're a knowledgeable traveler. (Answers at end of this department.)

AMTRAK has installed new reservation system designed to meet the special needs of the deaf. Its Bensalem Central Reservations Office operates two special teletypewriters that can communicate with an estimated 10,000 deaf persons who have similar teletypewriters in their homes.

To use the system, a person from anywhere in the U.S. dials a special toll-free number to the Bensalem office. When an Amtrak reservation clerk answers, the caller begins typing his inquiry on his teletypewriter. The message is printed in Bensalem. Through this written exchange the caller can receive information and make reservations for travel.

Calls are averaging four to seven per day, and with increased awareness of the availability of the system, the reservations bureau expects the number to grow. The nationwide toll-free numbers to Bensalem are 800—523-6590, or 800—523-6591. Residents of Pennsylvania may call 800—562-6960.

A READER asked for the poem "Moonrise in the Rockies," by Ella Higginson. Here it is:

The trembling train clings to the tottering wall
Of solid stones; a thousand feet below
Sinks a black gulf; the sky hangs like a pall
Upon the peaks of everlasting snow.
Then of a sudden springs a rim of light,
Carved like a silver sickle, bright and higher—
Till the full moon looms on the breast of night
And a million firs stand tipped with lucent fire.

A GRANT of $39,068,500 for Erie Lackawanna improvements was made by Urban Mass Transportatin Administration. It supplements funds already approved for design and engineering of the EL improvement program and for the purchase of 160 new rail commuter cars. The additional funds allow for adjustment in the cost of the original car order and extension of the project from 160 to 180 new cars. With this grant, UMTA share of the project cost now totals $118.8 million.

Robert E. Patricelli, UMTA Administrator, says that besides the purchase of new cars, the program includes conversion of an antiquated 3,000-volt d.c. electrification system to a more conventional 12,500-volt 60-cycle system, extension of electrification from Dover to Netcong, ten miles; the construction of stations, yards, and shops and other improvements to track, signal, switch, communications, and train control systems. The local one-fifth share of the total project cost is being provided by the New Jersey Department of Transportation.

ANY HOPE that the revival of rail commuting might provide a relatively cheap transit option for Allegheny County in Pennsylvania has been dashed by a consultant's cost projections for an eastern suburban run, "editorializes the *Pittsburgh Press.* The consultant envisions a $1.1-million yearly deficit for passenger-train service between downtown Pittsburgh and Greensburg, Latrobe, and Derry over existing Penn Central tracks.

That figure could be on the optimistic side, considering that the Port Authority Transit (PAT) rang up an $883,000 deficit in the first year of its Mon Valley rail-commuter run—an operation much smaller in scope than the one being contemplated.

The consultant's preliminary report estimates yearly revenues of $3.1 million and expenses of $4.2 milion on such passenger runs. The figures may be subject to further refining. Some critics have expressed skepticism of the ridership projections; a spokesman for the rail-minded Shapp administration thought the cost estimates could be lowered. The alternative is more and more traffic congestion, wasted energy, greater air pollution and—sooner or later—stymied economic growth. That would be the unwisest choice."

CP RAIL began experimental operation of the Canadian-built LRC (light, rapid, comfortable) prototype train on its Montreal-Quebec City route on February 24th. The test, lasting about four weeks, was in response to a Federal Government request that CP Rail study and develop a plan for a new passenger service between those points as a potential part of the Government's planned passenger rail demonstration service in the Quebec-Windsor corridor. The train consisted of the LRC locomotive and prototype coach, followed by CP Rail's normally-schedule rail-diesel-car coach, which carried all regular passengers. The LRC coach did not carry passengers.

THE NAME DECORAH still remains on the dormer of a restored historic Milwaukee Railroad depot in Decorah, Iowa. But there's another sign, at ground floor entrance, accompanying a symbol of chiropractic, and it informs that this once-depot now painted gold and cream is the office of Dr. A.B. Ludeking, chiropractor.

The preservation efforts of Dr. Ludeking are a dream come true for the local Silver Spike Model Railroad Club. It is also a good example of adapting current business needs to the architecture and historical heritage of the building.

Dr. Ludeking is a railfan. He spent much time in ferreting out the history of the building and conforming basically to the original design.

Originally built in 1888, the depot was bought by Dr. Ludekig in March, 1975. Two months later it was occupied by his chiropractic clinic. The old-new dispatcher's window accommodates the doctor's desk. In the waiting room of the clinic an interesting ornament is a coal stove from a caboose of a freight train. Other railroadian also decorate the room, including blueprints of the building as erected in 1888.

"EARLY YOUTH," writes Bruce Catton, "is a baffling time. The present moment is nice, but it does not last. Living in it is like waiting in a junction town for the morning limited. The junction may be interesting, but some day you will have to leave it and you do not know where the train will take you. Sooner or later, you must move down a mysterious road that leads to something beyond the range of the imagination, and the only certainty is that the trip has to be made. In this respect early youth is like old age; it is a time of waiting before a big trip to an unknown destination. The chief difference is that youth waits for the morning limited and age for the night train."

ANSWERS to the questions listed on the preceding page:

(1) *San Francisco Zephyr;* 2408 miles from Chicago.

(2) *Empire Builder* from Chicago and Seattle.

(3) Metroliners top 100 mph on New York-Washington runs.

(4) A first-class roomette sleeps one, a bedroom two, both with private wash basin and toilet.

(5) Chicago to both Miami and St. Petersburg.

(6) All but Alaska, Hawaii, South Dakota, Maine, and New Hampshire. (The *Montrealer* traverses a section of New Hampshire, but nearest stop is in Vermont).

(7 and 8) The French-built Turboliners, which also operate Chicago-St. Louis.

(9) New York's Pennsylvania Station.

(10) Major Bicentennial celebrations will be held in this 456 miles between Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington where much American history began. Almost half of Amtrak's passenger total is in this historic Northeast region.

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

# TRANSIT TOPICS

WE MAY shortly see the Urban Mass Transportation Administration starting to release $2 billion for new rapid transit operations. This sum is scheduled to be given as matching funds by 1980. Robert Patricelli, head of UMTA, has said on several occasions that light rail will be seriously considered in each case, since it costs less and could readily be converted to heavy rapid transit, if needed at a later date.

Candidates for UMTA funds for new lines appear to be Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Denver, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Miami, Pittsburgh, Portland, and San Jose in Puerto Rico. The request of Dayton, Ohio, was rejected a few months ago but may be reinstated in the future.

Edgar T. Mead of Hanover, N.H., has produced a 10-page survey of San Juan, Puerto Rico's needs for rapid transit. He proposes a 33-mile light rail, pre-Metro system consisting of an east-west and a north-south line to be fed by connecting bus routes. Another feature not often considered would be using the rail lines at night-time for flatcar trains carrying containers between dockside and outlying transfer terminals, where local trucks could take them on to their destination.

Another candidate for UMTA money is Buffalo, where the Niagara Frontier Transportation Authority needs funds to build a 6.4-mile north-south line for completion by 1982. It would cost $338 million. UMTA will decide which lines will get the matching funds on the basis of cost, effectiveness, impact of environmental energy, urban preservation, and commitment of municipal officials.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., is expected to see this summer the operation of the first British tram ever to run in an American city. According to Norman R. Seidelmann of Pennsauken, N.J., this event will come from the efforts of John Woodman, a native of Blackpool, England, how living in New York City. John realized that 1976 was not only the Bicentennial celebration in America but also the centenary of Blackpool's becoming a city.

He persuaded the Blackpool Corp., in England, to donate one of their open-top trams as a permanent contribution to our Bicentennial. So Car 603, built in 1934 and used until the present time on the 7-mile line along the Blackpool seashore is being shipped to Dushore, Pa. There it will be regaged and repainted into Centennial colors and then sent to Philadelphia to join 4 or 5 other trolleys now being repainted for the Centennial.

Blackpool 603 will be operated, along with other Southeastern Pennsylvania Transport Authority cars, during the summer of 1976 on a special "Independence Loop" line running past Independence Hall in downtown Philadelphia. Service is due to being any day now.

To help replace PCC's destroyed in a recent fire, Philadelphia's SEPTA is receiving 30 cars from Toronto. Seventeen of these originally ran in Birmingham, Ala., the other 13 in Kansas City, Mo.

PORTLAND's *Tri-Met* agency in Oregon lost its $27,000 option to buy 15 PCC's from Toronto Transit Commission last January. The cars were to be sold for use on a planned rail line between Portland and Oregon City, that has not developed to date. Tri-Met is still studying the best route between the two cities.

GREEN LIGHT has been given for building what is known as the Governor's State University rail extension of Illinois Central Gulf commuter service. The Chicago South Suburban Mass Transit District received UMTA approval of the district's choice of Alfred Benesch as supervising engineer for the project and design of the substation to be built along the new tracks, reports Steve Scalzo of Chicago.

"DOES anyone know the colors of the interurban cars that used to run on the Pittsburgh, Harmony, Butler & New Castle line in Pennsylvania?" asks R. Mitchell, P.O. Box 7561, Houston, Texas 77007, who wants to learn the colors for an oil painting he will make.

CONRAIL, the new Government-aided rail system taking over the bankrupt lines, is primarily freight-oriented. Probably for this reason it selected some trackage for its own use, while eliminating other trackage vital to passenger business. As a result, the New Jersey Department of Transportation had to take over some of the latter trackage for passenger use. One such location is in the middle of the Erie Lackawanna's Morris & Essex electric division. It runs from Orange to Summit and beyond to the Gladstone end of commuter service. Unless the state operates it, the busy commuting service from Hoboken to Gladstone and Dover would collapse.

Another short piece of electric trackage is Penn Central's 3-mile Princeton-Princeton Jct. branch. Not wanted by Conrail, it will continue operation only through the state's Dept. of Transportation.

OUR longtime friend George Krambles, age 60, has been elevated to the office of general manager of Chicago Transit Authority. George began his career in 1936 with the Indiana Railroad. In 1937 he joined the Chicago Rapid Transit Co., a CTA predecessor. Associated with CTA since its start of operations in 1947, he has served in the transportation, equipment, research, and planning departments. In the mid-60's he was project manager for Skokie Swift route, the nation's first Federally-funded demonstration project in the rapid transit field. More recently he was manager of CTA's General Operations Division.

In his younger days George was one of those instrumental in creating the Central Electric Railfans Assn., located in Chicago. For years Freeman Hubbard has been trying to add him to this magazine's long series of "Interesting Railfans." But George never answered his letters, presumably being too busy.

SOUTH SHORE LINE still has problems with electrics. Its application to end all of its passenger service may be made to the ICC much sooner than expected. Most of the 700 series heavy electric engines (ex-NYC) were taken out of service early in February because replacement tires for the drive wheels were needed and the CSSB was unable (or unwilling) to buy them. This leaves the three 800 series "Little Joes" still operating. Two more C&O/B&O diesels have been leased, making a dozen now hauling South Shore freight.

Passenger cars using the Illinois Central Gulf tracks into and from Chicago are now limited to 45 mph top speed. This is due to the chance of dewirement from faulty pantographs on the old equipment cars rocking along at high speeds.

Steve Scalzo tells us that the old diesel No. 601, originally Buffalo Creek 42 (EMD, 1941) has been sold to the Columbus & Greenville down in Mississippi.

A 70-FOOT articulated tramcar arrived last January in British Columbia from the Duwag Co. of Dusselsdorf, Germany, and is stored at the B.C. Hydro Railway shops pending electrification of 2000 feet of test trackage for its use later this year. The car was originally built for Hanover, Germany, and has operated 78,000 miles. Several readers who sent us this news, including Gary Woodley and Wally Young,

say B.C. Government is undercontract to build the track and display the car.

REGULAR operation on North America's newest rapid transit line, the Metro at Washington, D.C., began on Saturday, March 27th. We hope this 6.4-mile initial segment of what eventually will be a much bigger system will not have problems such as still beset the Bay Area R.T. lines on the West Coast.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY Transit Authority opened its South Shore line in 1971 and since then apparently has been so plagued with signal problems that it may install an automated signal system at a cost of $10 million, according to Ron Salters, 26 Pierce St., Weymouth, Mass. 02188.

MBTA cars on the Ashmont line are no longer being gradually converted to in-cab signals. The recommendation has been made that South Shore cars have their in-cab signals removed and that trackside signalling replace them on the line to Quincy. The space-age automatic signals are designed to control a train's speed through a central operations center. But failures on the South Shore have caused frequent use of telephones to provide directions for trains.

David Gunn, the MBTA operations director, blames much of the transit industry's problems on bureaucrats in Washington who have pushed space age technology.

TWO flywheel-driven, energy-storing subway cars, developed under an UMTA research and development project, went into revenue service on New York City Transity Authority lines in late February.

Each of the two R-32 type cars have been retrofitted with two flywheel mechanisms that can conserve about one-third the normal electrical energy used. During braking, energy normally dissipated in heat now "spins-up" the flywheels. The stored energy then is used during acceleration, reducing the peak power demand from the electrified third-rail. The Transit Authority estimates that incorporation of this feature throughout its 6,700-car fleet would result in energy savings of $20 million annually.

The energy-storage system also has a safety advantage. If third-rail power is cut for any reason, the flywheel-driven cars would be able to travel up to several miles, using the stored energy, to discharge passengers safely at the nearest station.

TORONTO's GO TRANSIT fares went up in April an average of 12 percent to help offset "tremendous increases in operating costs," according to A.T.C. McNab, chairman of the Toronto Area Transportation Operating Authority. The last previous fare raise was in 1972.

The GO line, which runs to Union Station from Oakville and Pickering, carries about 29,000 people a day.

The Toronto Transit Commission is expected to put more stress on electronic surveillance, as a result of a review of public transit security operations, metro police and TTC officials have joined forces in conducting the security review, and a report is expected in four to six weeks.

## Subway Lines Overseas

SOME 5,000 persons were trapped in four subway trains in London, England, when an explosion set a generator afire at the beginning of the evening rush hour on February 6th, halting operations over 3½ miles of track. At least 20 passengers were treated in hospitals for smoke inhalation, cuts, or bruises.

In February 1975 a crowded morning commuter train ran past the end of the line and smashed into a wall at Moorgate in the financial district. Forty-three persons died in the accident, the worst disaster in the Underground's 113-year history. An inquiry failed to explain why the train did not stop.

HONG KONG's 10-mile subway, now being built, is expected to open by 1980. Whether or no its competition will mean the end of the city's surface streetcar system we can't say yet. The subway was originally projected over four routes totaling 32 miles, but a bidder's failure to perform and then the inflation have raised the estimated price for 10 miles to $1.2 billion—more than the original 32 miles had been expected to cost.

Because of anticipated heavy ridership (over one million passengers a day) the line is expected to make a profit with a 25-cent fare. Freeman Hubbard, who visited Hong Kong not long ago, says the British crown colony is so congested that thousands of inhabitants live permanently on small houseboats anchored in the harbor.

NEW underground line in Stockholm, Sweden, has been dubbed the world's longest art gallery. The line, covering 8.5 miles beginning near the central station and leading to the northwest suburb of Hjulsta, cost $166 million and continues the local tradition of decorating stations to lift the monotony of commuter travel.

Previously, stations on Stockholm's 56-mile underground network were mostly ornamented with ceramics, sculptures, and high reliefs, but the latest vogue is to retain and even stress the grotto character of the station tunnels. Their roughly-blasted ceilings and walls have been sprayed with paint, sometimes in primary colors, sometimes in more unobtrusive shades.

At Hjulsta terminal, artists produced easy-to-change pictures of standard dimensions on materials such as laminate board and sheet aluminum. Central station is a fairytale grotto in various shades of blue.

## New Transit Publications

*Ninety Four Years of Rochester Railways, Volume 2,* by Wm. R. Gordon, 336 photos, 8½x11", soft cover binding, $8 from the author at 232 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14610.

This massive compilation includes text matter, photos, and miscellaneous data on trolley and interurban operations at—and out of—Rochester, N.Y., during the heyday and final years of these services. There is considerable coverage of the subway line, the interurbans to Sodus Bay, Geneva, Syracuse, Lockport, Manitou, and even the Erie Railroad line to Mt. Morris. The author also has chapters on trackless trolleys and buses that ran in the days of the trolleys. For a book of over 300 pages the price is quite low, forgetting the lack of continuity in the text.

*The New York State Railways,* by Shelden S. King, 128 pages 8½x11", soft cover binding, $9 from Whitehall Mail Service, 109 E. First St., Elmira, N.Y. 14901.

This is an enlarged version of an earlier publication by the same author. In photos and well-organized text, it covers the history of the NYSR system that at its height operated 900 city and interurban cars along more than 600 miles of track. The system ran in Rochester, with interurban lines to Geneva and Sodus Bay; in Syracuse, with an interurban line through Oneida to Utica, and in Utica with an interurban route running from Rome through Utica to Little Falls, N.Y. There are good photo reproduction, rosters, and maps.

## The First Interurban

WHICH was the first interurban electric line in America? Barbara answered this controversial question in her *Information Booth* by saying the Sandusky, Milan & Norwalk in Ohio. Later, a letter from Scott D. Trostel of Piqua, Ohio, challenging Barbara's reply, expressed the opinion that the

Ex-Chicago, Aurora & Elgin heavyweight 315, built in 1909 by G.C. Kuhlman Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, rolls up to County Rd. crossing on the Shade Gap Electric Ry., February 15, 1976, during East Broad Top Winter Spectacular at Orbisonia, Pa.

Don Dorflinger, editor, The Block Line, Tri State Chapter, NRHS, 18 Westland Rd., Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009

Miami Valley Ry., built in 1893 between Piqua and Troy, Ohio, was the first true interurban in this country.

The question has been faced in many books, including *Trolley Car Treasury, The Interurban Era, The Rise and Decline of the Interurban in America,* and *The Time of the Trolley.* Back in the forties, our department, then known as *Electric Lines,* we ran two articles in which we tried to define an interurban and determine which one was first.

While each book mentions a few early lines that offered service faster than city operation of the time, some consideration was given to routes that ran short distances between adjoining cities. Such were the lines operated between Minneapolis and St. Paul and between St. Catharines and Thorold in Ontario, Canada. Actually, they did run between cities, as the word interurban can be strictly defined, but their service was unlike that usually known as interurban, such as the Indiana Railroad, Illinois Terminal, and Pacific Electric lines of later years. The small intercity routes lacked the characteristics of high speed, mileage, and type of service not found on city lines.

So we do not feel that the intercity lines of the St. Catharines or Twin Cities companies fall into this category. We say this even though the Minneapolis-St. Paul routes carried the word "interurban" on their transfers until the end. One book mentioned the Giant's Causeway Electric Tramway, a seven-mile line at Portrush, Ireland, opened in 1883. Although a very early operation, it ran on 250 volts, giving a top speed of only 10 miles an hour, hardly an interurban trait.

Here is our list of candidates for the title of first interurban, in order of initial date of service:

*Newart & Granville Street Railway,* 7 miles, opened December 28, 1889, between the cities named. By 1891 it had mail service and eventually became part of the Ohio electric system.

*Fidalgo City & Anacortes Electric Railroad,* 11 miles, on Fidalgo Island in Puget Sound, Washington. Built as part of a real estate promotion, with four cars, this line began service on March 29, 1891. It struggled along with a temporary power plant until the cars were repossessed in 1892, bringing it to an end.

*Canton & Massillon Electric Railway* started running in 1892 between these two Ohio cities. It later became part of the Northern Ohio Traction system and was the last portion of that network to operate, running until 1941. In its last years it was known as the Inter-City Rapid Transit.

*East Side Railway,* 14 miles, was opened between Portland and Oregon City on February 16, 1893, giving real interurban service. It lasted until the 1950s. Even today, consideration is being given to installation of rapid transit service between the cities.

*Sandusky, Milan and Norwalk Electric Railway,* an interurban line, was opened in July, 1893, as far as Milan, Ohio. On December 1, 1893, it was extended to Norwalk, 17 miles away. This line ran mail service and was one of the few interurbans to operate a doubledecker.

*Miami Valley Railway,* 11 miles, began service on August 26, 1893, between Troy and Piqua, Ohio. It was an early interurban but not the first.

Subsequently, interurbans sprang up all over the United States during a very short period of time, reaching total trackage in excess of 10,000 miles at their peak. Then they declined rapidly. Today only one is left: the South Shore Line between Chicago and South Bend, Indiana. Even that lone survivor has a dubious future. ●

# INFORMATION BOOTH

***ASK BARBARA:*** **Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.**

**1.** *What advantages for Amtrak does the new Swedish engine offer?*

**The new Swedish locomotive due to be tested by Amtrak in 1976 weighs about half as much as comparable engines built in the U.S., about 180,000 lbs., but provides basically the same amount of hp running on properly-built roadbeds at speeds up to 120 mph. Reportedly, this type imposes less wear on the rails and uses power more efficiently. If Amtrak buys this passenger engine, she will run on the line between New Haven, Conn., and Washington, D.C.**

**2.** *During the Civil War campaigns in Virginia, 1864-65, name the railroads which ran between the following points: (1) Petersburg to Lynchburg, (2) Lynchburg to Alexandria, (3) Gordonsville to Richmond, (4) Manassas Jct., to Strasburg, (5) South from Petersburg to south of the Roanoke River, and (6) Richmond to Fredericksburg.*

**(1) Southside. (2) Orange & Alexandria. (3) Virginia Central. (4) Manassas Gap. (5) Weldon. (6) Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac.**

**3.** *Which is Canada's highest railway bridge?*

**Lethbridge viaduct, carrying the southern route of CP Rail over the Belly River, Alta., at a height of 314 feet. Opened in 1914, it is slightly over one mile long, with 34 spans on steel towers, includes 12,000 tons of steel, and is dead straight.**

**4.** *Where did Western Pacific's Mallets operate?*

**The 200s, 2-6-6-2 and 2-8-8-2, were almost used exclusively in Feather River Canyon between Oroville and Portola, Calif. In later years a few of the 200s ran on the "high line" between Keddie and Bieber, Calif. The 400s, 4-6-6-4, highballed fast freight between Elko, Nev., and Salt Lake City, Utah.**

**5.** *Brief details, please, on the Wabash wreck of June 1, 1924.*

**Eastbound passenger train No. 2 was derailed by an open switch at Williamsport, 24 miles west of Lafayette, Ind., when passenger cars fell against a freight loco standing at the switch, killing 11 persons and injuring 20.**

**6.** *My husband worked for the Northern Pacific. What does a retired employee's wife who receives a spouse annuity have to report to the Railroad Retirement Board?*

**Like your husband, you must report any Social Security benefits, any railroad job he had, or any work he did for his last employer before retirement. If you are under age 65, you must also tell the Board if your last child has left your care and custody. If a wife and husband are divorced, the woman must also advise the Board accordingly.**

**7.** *I want the words to "The Wreck of the Old 97."*

*On a cold, frosty morning in the month of October,*
*When the clouds were hanging low,*
*Ninety-seven pulled out of the Washington station*
*Like an arrow shot from a bow.*

*Oh, they handed him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,*
*Sayin': "Steve, you're away behind time.*
*This is not Thirty-eight, but it's old Ninety-seven;*
*You must get 'er in Spencer on time!"*

*Oh, he looked round his cab at his black, greasy fireman,*
*Sayin': "Shovel in a little more coal,*
*An' when we cross that White Oak Mountain*
*You can watch old Ninety-seven roll!"*

*It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville*
*And the line's on a three-mile grade.*
*It was on that grade that he lost his air brake,*
*And you can see what a jump he made.*

*He was goin' down hill at ninety miles an hour*
*When the whistle broke into a scream.*
*He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle*
*And a-scalded to death with steam!*

*Now ladies, you must take warnin',*
*From this time ever more,*
*Never speak harsh words to your true loving husbands;*
*They may leave you, never to return!*

**8.** *In railroad slang, what were a (1) bell-bottom brakeman, (2) car toad, (3) drone cage, (4) graveyard watch, (5) hayburner, (6) jerk soup, (7) kangaroo court?*

**(1) College student in train service, (2) car repairer; there are many variations of this word: car knock, car tonk, car whack, etc.; (3) private car, (4) 12:01 a.m. to 8 a.m., (5) hand oil lantern, (6) to take water from a track pan without stopping the train, and (7) a hearing in which matters of mainline mix-ups are investigated and disposed of.**

**Canada's highest railway bridge at Lethbridge, Alberta, showing westbound CP freight in '70.** Elmer Treloar, 101 California St., Highland Park, Mich.

**Brooklyn District Terminal engine 15 on carfloat pushed along by Erie R.R. tug *Scranton* in the East River in 1961.**
Photograph by David Plowden

9. *Where was central New England's million dollar station located?*

**Don't confuse it with the CNE Railroad. This was at Worcester, Mass., opened in 1911, and used by the Boston & Albany, the New Haven, and the Boston & Maine. The ornate white building was the pride of the city and a conversational piece among rail passengers. When new, it was one of the finest of its size in the U.S. Its tracks were elevated on iron girders and stone embankments to avoid grade crossings. After servicing millions of travelers for 54 years, who rode on such name trains as the *State of Maine, Bar Harbor, East Wind, and New England States,* the B&A closed the station in Nov. 1965. Eleven years later, this once-proud rail terminal, now boarded up, still has a dubious future.**

10. *Give elevations of following Rocky Mountain railroads:(1) Denver, South Park & Pacific at Kenosha Pass, (2) Colorado Midland at Hagerman Tunnel, (3) Denver, Northwestern & Pacific, at Rollins Pass, and (4) Union Pacific's first Sherman Hill relocation and year.*

**(1) 9,991 feet, (2) 11,528, (3) 11,680, and (4) 8,013 in 1904.**

11. *Where can I find the Halton County Radial Ry.?*

**This line, under the aegis of the Ontario Electric Ry. Historical Society at Scarborough, is Canada's first operating electric railway museum and is on the Campbellville Rd., 8 miles north of Hwy. 40 (Interchange 38) near Rockwood Ont. It's an interesting 1¼-mile round trip on the right-of-way of the old Toronto Suburban Ry. The route was constructed to the unique Toronto street railway gage of 4 ft. 10⅞ inches. Among their equipment is 327, four-wheel open car (TTC 1895, rebuilt 1933); 55, single-truck closed car (Preston 1915); 2890, small Peter Witt (Ottawa 1923). All are ex-TTC cars.**

**Don't fail to see No. 8, heavy interurban (Jewett Car Co. 1915), ex-London & Port Stanley Ry. Also on display are a line car, crane car, sweeper, an electric loco, hack, and boxcars. Cars operate, according to what I hear, on Sundays and holiday Mondays from mid-May through October.**

12. *Quick look, please, at the railroad terminal navy facilities at Brooklyn, N.Y., 25 years ago.*

**Brooklyn Eastern District had four terminals, the main one on the East River between N. Third and N. Twelfth streets, car capacity 800. There was a smaller yard at Pidgeon St., Long Island City, 100 cars; another at South Third St., 100 cars, and a fourth at the Navy Yard. Bush Terminal had a capacity of 1000 cars, with great warehouses, but unlike its sister terminals did extensive steamship business.**

**New York Dock Ry. had three stations; Fulton Terminal at the foot of Joralemor St., 150 car capacity; Atlantic Terminal, 200 cars, at the foot of Pioneer St., and Baltic Terminal atthe foot of Baltic St., 100 cars. Jay St. Connecting Ry., with a capacity of 120 cars, was located at the foot of Jay St. In addition to the big four, Long Island also was served at that time by the Hudson Lines R.R., with its Bushwick station of the Long Island R.R., 300-car capacity; the Pennsy's North Fourth St. Yard, 80 cars, surrounded by the Brooklyn Eastern District Terminal Main Yard; the Lackawanna's 26th St. Terminal, 75-car capacity, and the South Brooklyn Ry., owned by New York City, with capacity of 50 cars.**

13. *What was the Katy's Posey Hole bridge project?*

**Posey Hill cost MKT more than half a million dollars for the construction in 1946 of two steel and concrete bridges: a four-span, 422-foot steel truss, and a seven-span, 700-foot plate-girder structure over the North Canadian River in Oklahoma. Posey Hole is located near Eufaula, at milepost 535, midway between Muskegee and McAlaster. For over 50 years, the North Canadian River had been trying to cut a new channel across the narrow neck of a horseshoe-shaped bend. Directly in the path of this new channel had been the fill supporting the Katy tracks. The raising of this fill placed the track level well above the crest of the big 1945 flood.**

14. *Name the electric lines running in (1) Maryland and (2) Pennsylvania at end of World War 2.*

**(1) Baltimore & Annapolis, Baltimore Transit Co., Capital Transit, Potomac Edison. (2) Altoona & Logan Valley, Conestoga Transportation, Fairmont Park Transit, Hershey Transit, Johnstown Traction, Lackawanna & Wyoming Valley, Lehigh Valley Transit, Philadelphia Suburban Transportation, Philadelphia Transportation, Philadelphia & Western, Pittsburgh Rys., Reading Street Ry., Scranton Transit, West Penn Rys., and Wilkes-Barre Rys.**

15. *When did Burlington's first lightweight streamliner go into regular service?*

Nov. 11, 1934. This was CB&Q's famous *Zephyr* No. 9900, Kansas City, Mo., to Lincoln, Nebr. It proved a big success. A year later two trains, Nos. 9901 and 9902, were put into Minneapolis-St. Paul to Chicago service as *The Twin Zephyrs.* These, like No. 9903, the *Mark Twain Zephyr,* were virtually identical with the original unit. The acceptance of these trains soon exceeded their capacity, and in 1935 a 40-seat coach was added to the 9900. In 1936, two new, integrated, seven-car *Twin Cities Zephyrs,* powered by Electro-Motive shovel-noses 9904 and 9905, replaced their three-car predecessors. This year also saw the original train officially renamed *Pioneer Zephyr* to distinguish her from her sisters.

Also in 1936, the *Denver Zephyr* was inaugurated on No. 8. Powered by diesels 9906 and 9907, this train, the first to be only partially articulated, was the first Zephyr with Pullmans. "Zephryettes," as the Burlington called its stewardesses, first appeared on the original *DZ.* The short-lived *General Pershing Zephyr* in 1939 marked a turning point in Burlington streamline design. It was assigned the last shovelnose diesel to be bought, No. 9908, and had the first entirely flexible consist, with no articulation. Thanks to Karl R. Zimmermann, author of *The Story of the California Zephyr,* now in second printing, for giving me this info.

## Running Extra

BILL WITHUHN said (Nov. '75) that SP 4449's boiler pressure was set at 250 psi. Was that her regular boiler pressure? If so, perhaps that's the reason why she often operated with helper diesels.—Robert Clark, 303 Fantasy Court, North Port, Fla. 33595.

IN WRITING a history of railroads in my area, I've come across a story about how, during a big flood in mid-1930s, the B&O and the Pennsy routed the *Capital Limited* and the *Broadway,* respectively, over the Elmira and Cortland branch of the Lehigh Valley. Anyone confirm this fact?—Winton Rossiter, 518 W. State St., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

I WANT info and history of the writing stylus used by railroad telegraphers years ago. These items were of a better grade than the company furnished and they had a ruby, or agate point. Telegraphers' brotherhood magazine used to advertise them—H. Morris Truslow III, 3003 Irisdale Ave., Richmond, Va. (Ed. note: You forgot to tell me your zip code. Best person to answer your question is Harwell K. West, editor of *Brass Pounders' Gossip,* P.O. Box 152, Orland Park, Ill. 60462, published by Toledo Morse Telegraph Club, dues $4 a year.)

ANYONE know the ownership status and condition of the old Pacific Electric rights-of-way? Also info on present Los Angeles bus system.—Joseph Hickey, 266 San Pedro Ave., Pacifica, Calif. 94044.

LOOKING for material on a 2-10-10-2 engine. Who built her and what railroad did she run on?—J.B. Marr, 69 Derby St., Moncton, N.B., Canada.

THE GH&SA was the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Ry. Co. The Official Guide of Feb. 1925 shows the SP line between New Orleans and El Paso as being ML&TRR east of Sabine River, T&NO between New Orleans and El Paso as being ML&TRR east of Sabine River, T&NO between there and Houston, and GH&SA, Houston-El Paso. I rode it once from El Paso east when it was the GH&SA. Later, all the lines east of El Paso became the Texas & New Orleans.—Edward Mahoney, 5418 Ellsworth Ave., Dallas, Texas 75206.

WANTED: history of the Toluca Northern, Toluca Marquette & Northern and the Rutland, Toluca & Northern.—Walt Sylvester, 100 Hyde Park Ave., Bellwood, Illinois. (Ed. note: He forgot his zip code.)

WHO can tell me which railraods are running E-7 A and B units?—Brian Gilbert, Rte. 3, Box 75, Roseburg, Ore. 97470.

INFO and pix wanted on Providence Locomotive Works. How many years did it operate? What types of locomotives did it build? How many? Where was it located in Providence?—Robert Andrews, Box 935, Norwich, Conn. 06360.

WHERE can I get a photo of a B&O Camelback?—W.F. Campbell, R.H. Box 243-B, Swanton, Ohio 43558.

LOOKING for info on railroad police and security operations. Anyone help?—R.L. Reedy, American Assn. of Criminology, 2042 N. Taylor St., Arlington, Va. 22207.

WAS there ever a game called "Dispatcher," utilizing railroad-type operations? If so, who produced it?—Robert J. Baker, 14720 101st Street, Edmonton, Alta, Canada.

NARROW-GAGE railroad from San Luis Obispo to Los Olivos, Calif., was the Pacific Coast Railway, originally called the San Luis Obispo & Santa Maria Valley, 3-foot gage. It even had an electric division. Pacific Coast Railway, abandoned around 1940, should not be confused with the Pacific Coast Railroad, which ran in the State of Washington and became part of the Burlington Northern.—Ralph Marston, 8070 Busch, Center Line, Mich. 48015.

RECENT statement was made that at present there's no automated railway in Europe. What about the Victoria Line of London Transit?—Bernard L. Albert, M.D., 67 Turnstall Rd., Searsdale, N.Y. 10583.

SINCE dieselization, who was the first woman to become a qualified locomotive engineer on a class I road? Which railroad?—Dick Murdock (SP engineer and author), P.O. Box 343, Ross, Calif. 94957.

WHAT is a safety track? Anyone have info on the KCW&N? Was this the Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northern, or Northwestern?—Dennis D. Garrett, 5 Dennis St., Topeka, Kan. 66609.

HOW does a railroad determine how many locos are needed to pull a train? Do they go by horsepower of unit, tractive effort, drawbar pull, gear ratio, number of cars, and weight of cars?—J.E. Pelan, 1842 Shore Rd., Seaville/Ocean View, N.J. 08230.

DO LETTERS "DF" on cars mean they are reefers? Other similar cars don't carry this lettering. What's the story?—Fritz Gerhardt, 5 Bingham Ct., Johnson City, Tenn. 37601.

WANTED: an assembly complete with wicks for an Erie lantern 5303, 39 Railroad, made by C.T. Ham Co., Rochester, N.Y.—James F. Conti, 5 Terry Ave., Newburgh, N.Y. 12550.

I'VE BEEN trying to locate plans to build a live steam model of the ex-Illinois Central 2-4-4T No. 201, formerly on display at Peoria, now located in northern Minn. Anyone help out?—Louis Kashycke, 3110 Calwagner St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

DO ALL RAILROADS still carry firemen on diesel locos in road service? If so, what are their duties?—Roger Messer, 914 Surrey Drive, Shelby, N.C. 28150.

HISTORY of Detroit, Toledo & Ironton and the Quincy Bridge wanted.—Edward A. Korn, Barbara Lynn, Apt. 12-D, Bldg. 2, Sea Girt, N.J. 08750.

WHAT was the largest steam loco to run on the Santa Fe? Also largest loco ever built?—G. Chilcote, 1453 Revenna Ave., Wilmington, Calif. 90744.●

# IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

GOOD NEWS for steam fans. Ex-Norfolk & Western 2-8-8-2 No. 2050, class Y-3a, which Armco Steel of Middletown, Ohio, bought in the mid-'50s, along with two other Mallets, for use as stationery boilers, will be given a new home. She is destined to become a static display at the Illinois Railway Museum in Union. But the cost is staggering. Transportation and restoration costs could total up to $30,000, for the loco needs much rebuilding to make her a suitable museum piece. When I inspected her personally in May, 1975, I found grass and weeds growing inside her rusted boiler jacket. Mentioning that fact in my column may have prompted the museum to acquire her.

Another former N&W Mallet, the 2174, class Y-6b, was scrapped at a metal plant at Roanoke, Va. A sister 2-8-8-2 recently met the torch at the same junk yard. Nearby, several sad-looking ex-N&W 4-8-0's and a rare 2-8-0 have been fully stripped. At last reports, they were rusting beneath a jungle vine cover that makes it almost impossible for you to detect them even if you were walking past the dishonored hulks. These last vestiges of a great railroad's steam heritage are probably too far gone now even for restoration to static display.

THE FORMER Burlington Lines 2-8-2 No. 4960, of 1960s fantrip fame, which has been stored inactive for years at theMid-Continent Railway Museum in North Freedom, Wisc., may again feel a roaring fire on her grates. Jeff B. Haertlein, member of the Museum's board of directors, was appointed to seek a responsible party to lease the still-functionable Mikado for excursions. One road he contacted, the Burlington Northern, has given the Museum a green light. The O-la's jacket has been removed for boiler inspection and repair. Aside from that, the Mid-Continent may be interested in disposing of two other steamers: Consumers Co. 0-4-0 No. 701 and former New York Central 0-6-0 switcher 6721.

A NEW logging museum in New Hampshire is looking for two or three 0-4-0's, 2-truck Shays, and 4-6-0 Climax. Where can they be bought or leased?—Edgar T. Mead, 7 Currier Pl., Hanover, N.H. 93755.

MARK SUBLETTE, 217 County Club Rd., Shalimar, Fla. 32579, sent me these steam discoveries:

Two 0-4-0T's sit on a spur adjacent to the Amtrak station in Montgomery, Ala., and belong to the Cradle of the Confederacy Railroad Museum, housed in the former Louisville & Nashville passenger station. One is being restored for possible use.

Ex-Frisco 0-6-0 No. 3749 is rotting away in a corner of Pensacola (Fla.) Scrap Processors. Unfortunately, no group has been formed to save this handsome engine. Elsewhere in Pensacola, Frisco 2-8-2 No. 1355 has been on display for nearly 20 years and is still in good condition.

Near the L&N depot in Pensacola is a former T.R. Miller Co., Baldwin-built 2-4-2T. A "No Trespassing" sign warns that the State of Florida owns her. The Campbell Limestone Co. Heisler No. 9 is kept in a shed in excellent working condition at the Vulcan Building Material's quarry just west of Easley, S.C. She belongs to Robert Campbell, vice president of Vulcan. The steamer is secretly fired up at least once a year for the employees' benefit, usually on the first Saturday in November that Clemson University's football team has an "away" game. The public isn't notified of this rare event.

THE BUCKSGAHUNDA & WESTERN is a two-foot-gage line owned by the Bauer family in St. Mary, Pa., with a 1939 Henchel as its main steamer. Plans call for 2½ miles of track and a museum, reports Marion B. Potter, 1400 S. Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

FORMER Southern Pacific three-cylinder 4-10-2 No. 5021, property of the Southern California chapter of the R&LHS, has been moved to join the group's other steamers on display at the Pomona, Calif., fairgrounds. A temporary track which the City had installed for the Freedom Train's visit was rearranged to get the 368-ton steamer onto the site. Tractors inched her to the museum to join a Santa Fe Hudson type, a Union Pacific Big Boy, and a UP 4-12-2. Three small steamers also are on view there. The going was tough, especially on a tight curve which temporarily derailed the 5021.

TANZANIA, in Africa, has ordered 20 new locomotives from India, five of them steam, reports "Iron Horse News," published by the Colorado Railroad Museum last December. Last November I was in Tanzania, at the foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro. Photography was prevented by guards, armed with machine-guns, but I did manage to get photos of two steamers before spending time in the police station under intensive investigation. Photography was so restricted there that I left the country to shoot steam in nearby Kenya. No one I talked to in either country mentioned a new order for steam power.

ALL EQUIPMENT of the 23-mile abandoned Reader Railroad of Reader, Ark., is up for sale, reports "Spike & Tie," publication of the Blackhawk Chapter of NRHS, Box 455, Aurora, Ill. 60507. Included are three steamers: 2-6-2 No. 11 (Baldwin 1925); 2-6-2 No. 108 (Baldwin 1920); and 2-8-0 No. 1702 (Baldwin 1942). Now operating over a 3½-mile portion of the old line is Prairie No. 7, borrowed from the Scott & Bearskin Lake in Scott, Arkansas.

WOULD YOU like to see smoke pouring from the stack of a Union Pacific Big Boy? It seems that 4-8-8-4 No. 4023 was placed adjacent to the road's Omaha shops a year ago. One of the exhaust pipes of the shops' stationary steam boiler now connects to the Big Boy's smokebox. Steam pouring out the smokestack at all hours surprises passing motorists. Northern No. 838—long stored in the Council Bluffs diesel house—has been a source of parts to keep sister engine No. 844 running. The 838 may go to Cheyenne for storage, I learn from Jim Reisdorbb, Rte. 3, Box 86, David City, Neb. 68632.

FORMER Chesapeake & Ohio 2-6-6-2 No. 1308, vintage of 1949 and next to the last steamer Baldwin built for domestic use, is to be moved from her resting place in Memorial Park, Huntington, W. Va., and sent to the shops of the state-owned Cass Scenic RR. at Cass. Here she will be meticulously rebuilt this year for a proposed excursion line starting up in 1977, which would make her the largest articulated steamer operating in the U.S.

AFTER almost 19 years of storage in the Belen, N.M., roundhouse, Santa Fe 4-8-4 No. 2925 was moved to the shops at Cleburne, Texas, on January 15th, reports from John L. Thorn, 2nd trick ATSF operator, Navajo Star Rte., Gallup, N.M. 87301. Rumors circulating on the New Mexico Division have it that the Cleburne Shops will dismantle and inspect the Northern and come up with an estimated cost of restoring her to service. If the price is right, I am told, the company will issue a go-ahead order on the project.

CONTINUE SENDING STEAM NEWS to Mike Eagleson, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856.

# PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

Cathy Smothers getting ready to photograph Seaboard Coast Lines train 97 in her home town of Ft. Myers, Fla., on April 26, 1971, just a few days before Amtrak put an end to the run. No. 97 arrived over two hours late behind the SCL's old railcar 4900.

William T. Morgan, P.O. Box 5523, Oxnard, Calif. 93030

"McKeesport Speedliner," Baltimore & Ohio train 566, shoots away from downtown station at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Feb. 12, 1965, with Budd RDC cars numbered 1904 and 1902, B&O class DC-1, built in 1955. Anyone know about last run?

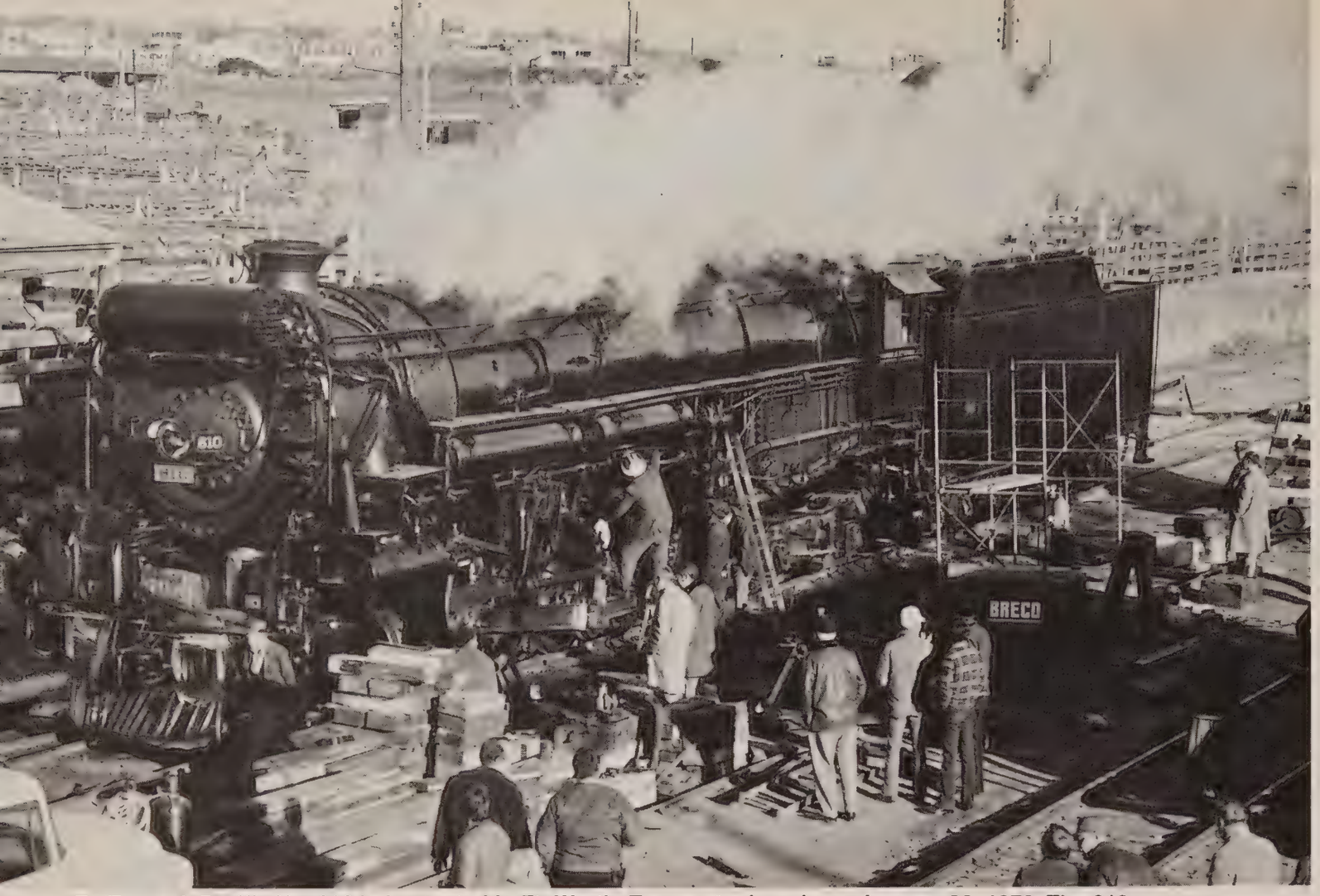
J.W. Barnard, Jr., Barnard-Wolford collection

**Old Canadian Pacific coaling dock for steam locomotives at Teeswater, Ontario, was probably the last structure of its kind left on our continent. On July 24, 1957, Ten-wheeler No. 1004 with mixed train seen leaving Orangeville.**

Don Wood, 29 Mt. Haven Drive, Livingston, N.J.

**A Penn Central freight train with an SW-7 running through Monroe, Mich., a year ago, enroute to Warner Yard, on the city's outskirts, passes site of whipping post, form of punishment ended in 1835. Tracks were part of old Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.**

John Uckley, 414 W. 4th St., Monroe, Mich. 48161




**Ex-Texas & Pacific No. 610 being tested in Ft. Worth, Texas, stockyards on January 29, 1976. The 610 Foundation has spent long hours of hard work to prepare the locomotive, rebuilt at this location, for her Bicentennial American Freedom Train operation.** Kenneth Ingmanson, 1242 Juliet Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 55105

**One July day in 1966 San Francisco's weather must have been hot, judging from the light clothing worn by this unidentified girl waiting near the Twin Peaks Tunnel for a PCC car to take her downtown to East Bay Terminal San Francisco Muni 1169.** Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

CP Ladner Creek Bridge, Coquihalla Route, B.C., many years

Canadian Pacific photograph by Nicholas Morant

**Where in America today can you see a sky-filled smoke plume like this one that billowed majestically over the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, in 1958, from the stubby stack of Norfolk & Western No. 1652 wheeling a long coal drag? Sights and sounds still captured at railfan clubs.**

O. Winston Link, 440 Park Ave. South New York, N.Y.

*A Story to Read to Your Small Children*

# TWO DOGS ON ONE WAYBILL

BY FREEMAN HUBBARD

From "The Roundhouse Cat and Other Railroad Stories"

(c) 1951 by Freeman Hubbard

Photograph by A. F. Sozio

IT WAS SO HOT you could have fried a hamburger on the cinders in the Rock Island Railroad yards of a town on the Illinois prairie. That was during the days of the steam locomotive and the Morse telegraph key. Two switchmen were leaning against a freight car, trying to find shade from the scorching July sun. Suddenly one of them laughed and pointed down the shiny tracks.

"Do you see what I see?" he asked.

The other man shaded his eyes with his hand. "Sure," he nodded. "Grasshoppers."

Along the endless tracks came a green cloud. As the men watched, it became thousands of tiny insects, flying, sweeping toward the yards.

"I see more than grasshoppers," the first man said. "Look!"

Both gazed intently. Then they roared with laughter. In the middle of the green army shuffled a big brown and white dog. His fur was matted, and long shaggy hair hid his eyes. He looked vaguely like an English sheep dog. His bushy tail waved aloft as he trotted along.

"Woof, woof!" he barked, as he snapped at the grasshoppers. He plodded past the switchmen, and headed for the express office, and pushed open the door with his nose.

Express agent Bob Strate looked up and he, too, laughed when he saw the intruder.

"Hello there, big fellow!" he said kindly, reaching for the animal's neck to see if he wore a collar. But there was nothing to tell the dog's name or his owner. A few grasshoppers fell off the matted coat, as the tail waved hopefully.

"Why, you're only a puppy," Mr. Strate continued. "You're not handsome and you certainly need a bath, but I like your looks. How about a drink first and something to eat?"

Two sharp barks answered this question. Mr. Strate picked off the remaining grasshoppers and set down a pan of water in front of his visitor. The dog lapped thirstily. When he finished, he looked up as if to say thanks, his tail beating on the floor like a drum.

"I haven't much food," Mr. Strate apologized, "but here's part of my lunch."

OPENING the bottom drawer of his desk, he took out his dinner pail. The dog was alert instantly. Mr. Strate offered a ham on rye sandwich and it disappeared in a single mouthful. The animal sniffed for crumbs and whimpered a little. Then he stretched himself on the floor beside a big packing box and promptly went to sleep.

Mr. Strate studied him. The shipment in the packing box was drygoods intended for a store in Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania, and the address was painted in black letters on the box. The dog was sprawled in such a way that only the letters "T-O-B-Y" could be seen. Mr. Strate read the name aloud, "Toby."

The dog lifted his big shaggy head and looked at him.

"Is that your name, fellow?" Mr. Strate asked. "Well, okay, Toby it shall be."

The day droned on, with heat beating down on the express office. Toby slept on, worn out by his travels. In the afternoon Mr. Strate had two railfan visitors, red-haired Rusty Bascomb and Hank Miller. Both of them loved the railroad yards and usually stopped by on their way home from school. Occasionally Mr. Strate had off jobs they could do.

"Hello, boys," he greeted them, "I want you to meet Toby." At the mention of his name Toby rolled over lazily, and the two boys grinned. Hank ruffled the dog's fur, and the animal went back to sleep, while the boys went off to help Mr. Strate.

From then on Toby's home was the express room. At noon every day, when the whistle blew, Mr. Strate put a dish of food and a pan of fresh water by his desk. Toby gratefully accepted the offering.

Things went on this way for several weeks. The dog would bark a greeting whenever a passenger train stopped there, or a freight came for setouts and pickups. He seemed to like the friendly smell of steam engine smoke.

One day near the end of the summer Mr. Strate took his vacation. Before he left, he arranged for Rusty and Hank to come every afternoon to give Toby his food. And every day the boys prepared To-

by's meal and set down a pan of fresh water.

The switchmen who worked the yards knew that the express agent was away, and they too were interested in Toby. At lunch time, as they sat eating from their dinner pails, they tossed scraps of food to the dog. Toby gobbled up everything that willing hands gave him. He'd sit patiently in front of the men, his long hair dangling over his eager nose, and beg for food. He missed Mr. Strate, but by the end of the first week of the vacation, Toby was faring very well indeed.

Then on a Sunday night something happened. A big crate was eased carefully out of the baggage car and one of the boys who were taking Bob's place for two weeks signed a receipt for "one crated dog." Rusty Bascomb trundle the crate onto a truck and into the station office.

IT WAS a roomy crate and strongly built, with a side door and a wire-netting window. On it was a card which said that the big red dog inside was being shipped from an Iowa kennel 100 miles north to a new owner in St. Louis. Actually the dog was a pedigreed Irish setter named Rex, insured for more money than either Rusty or Hank had ever seen. Rex was to stay in the express office for about two hours, and then his crate would be put on another train for the journey to St. Louis.

In Mr. Strate's dimly lighted office the boys looked in at Rex. They thought he was unhappy. The longer they peered through the wire netting, the more they were convinced they should do something for the setter.

"Poor pup!" Hank said sympathetically. "He must be cramped in that box."

"Yeah," Rusty agreed. "He's still got a long way to go. What do you say we let him out a couple of minutes to stretch his legs? It can't do any harm."

The boys cautiously unfastened the crate and with an eager yelp Rex bounded out. First he licked Rusty's hand in gratitude, then with a leap he was out through the open door. Hank tried a flying tackle, but missed. As he rolled on the floor, the Irish setter vanished into the freedom of the night. Toby dashed after him, with the boys a close second. The chase was on!

Both dogs were barking wildly. It was a mad race over the maze of storage tracks on which many boxcars stood waiting to be loaded or unloaded. Dogs and boys dodged in between the cars that loomed like shadows in the silvery moonlight, to try and head off Rex.

"Good dog! Nice dog! Come here, pup!" they shouted.

It was no use. Rex had been cooped up too long to be lured back by kind words. Up and down the yards he ran, the boys in full cry. Toby enjoyed it thoroughly, but he was not much help. First he would chase Rex, then wheel back to see if the boys were all right. Rusty stumbled over a switch in the darkness and sprawled full length, his face in the cinders, but was only scratched.

"We'll never catch him," he wailed. "Let's separate and try to corner him."

But Rex knew more than the boys did about hunting, and he eluded them every time. Two or three switchmen joined in, while other yardmen with swinging oil lanterns watched the hue and cry. Hank ran full tilt into the end of a boxcar. This knocked his breath out, but he grunted and kept on going.

At length the town clock tolled ten. The boys groaned. They were at the far end of the yard. To get back in time to help load the shipments on the 10:27 train for St. Louis, and unload the baggage as well, would take some running. Rex had vanished!

"Rusty!" Hank yelled. "We have to go back."

THEY RAN back to the office. Both lads were breathless and they were frightened. The St. Louis train was due in five minutes, but the box labeled "one crated dog" was empty!

Toby followed them hopefully. Once inside, as if he understood the situation, the dog lay down in front of the empty crate and partly backed into it. He thumped his tail as if to ask, "How can I help?"

The boys looked at each other. The same idea occurred to them both. Then Rusty said, "You're a smart dog, Toby."

Toby's tail beat a muffled tattoo inside the crate. Hank smiled.

"The waybill says 'one crated dog,' " Rusty said. "It doesn't say what kind of dog. And no one could have a better dog than good old Toby."

Hank was doubtful for a minute. Then he spoke up. "We'll keep on looking for the setter. Then if the St. Louis man isn't satisfied with Toby, we can send him the setter. He'll just think the two crates got mixed up."

"Sure, and in the meantime Toby will have a swell adventure. Here goes!"

The boys pushed Toby into the crate and made it fast. Then they gave him a pan of water. The train for St. Louis whistled in the distance. When it ground to a stop, with a great smoke plume and sparks flying, the crate was on the depot truck along with boxes, packages, and suitcases for St. Louis.

Toby looked through the wire netting, a bewildered expression on his shaggy face. How could his pals do this to him? Hank and Rusty looked at each other.

The baggageman studied the waybill. One by one he checked off the items as they were loaded into his car. The boys held the crate till the last. They kept watching the yards, hoping vainly that Rex would return. Finally the crate was reached.

"One crated dog," the baggageman read. "Looks pretty heavy. I'll give you a hand. All right, boys, up she goes!"

A muffled yip from inside the car was Toby's farewell to his home. Rusty had a funny feeling in his stomach.

"Look, mister," he said hastily, "I think there's some mistake about that dog. Maybe he'd better stay here till it's fixed up."

The man adjusted his glasses. "No mistake, sonny. It says right here on the waybill, 'one crated dog.' "

"But I mean," Rusty began. Then he thought better of it. "I mean, we forgot to feed him today."

"Nonsense," said the man briskly. "It won't hurt a dog to skip a meal once in a while."

"All-a-boooard!" bellowed the conductor, annoyed at the delay.

The baggage-car door was slammed shut, the whistle blasted,

and the train roared off into the night. Hank and Rusty watched until it became a small speck and disappeared. Then they walked slowly back to the office and closed the place for the night.

"Gee, I hope it's going to be all right," Rusty said.

"So do I," Hank agreed gloomily.

The following day, when they got to the office, someone was waiting patiently for them. It was Rex.

"Well, look who's here!" Hank cried.

"Get down!" Rusty said, as the dog leaped joyfully up on him, licking at his face. "Stop kissing me! Why didn't you come back last night? Now, what are we going to do with you?"

REX WAS FRISKY and he played rough. He kept jumping up and down, his tail going like a trip hammer. He pawed the boys and licked them.

"We needed you last night," Rusty said impatiently, "not today. Where were you?"

The setter hung his head as if he knew he was being scolded.

"That's better," Rusty said. "Now what shall we do?"

Hank thought a moment. "Wait to see what happens. And we'll have to keep the setter."

So they led the unresisting Rex into the furnace room, fed him, and left a pan of fresh water beside him. Then they locked the door. The boys breathed easier when that was done.

"My, I'm glad he came back," Hank said. "I didn't think he ever would."

Then Rusty laughed. "Wonder how old Toby is getting on in St. Louis. Gee, suppose the man knew what Rex looks like?"

Hank said: "We'll hear about it soon enough if he did. Anyway, we're taking good care of his dog all the time."

Within a short time the post office carried a special-delivery letter from St. Louis to the kennel in Iowa. It was as hot as the weather. It read:

*Dear Sir:*

*You are a swindler and a cheat. I paid you $100 for a pedigreed Irish setter, but you sent me a mongrel sheep dog. Maybe you think I do not know the difference. Well, I do. I am returning your beast by express collect in the crate in which he came. Send my money back at once.*

The afternoon the letter was written, Toby started off again on his travels. Back to the Illinois town he rode in the same crate with the same tag still on it. Hank and Rusty could hardly believe their eyes. They grinned broadly at each other as they unloaded the crate and they put it on the truck. They wheeled it to the express room. Toby's gleeful bark was a welcome sound.

"I guess that guy in St. Louis changed his mind about wanting a dog," Hank laughed.

"Yeah," Rusty agreed, "and boy, am I glad Toby will be here when Mr. Strate gets back. He might be real mad if he found him gone."

The boys opened the crate and Toby shot out of it. He was a whirl of matted fur in his excitement, and he bounced up and down the room.

"Quiet, fella, quiet!" Hank said. "You're home now. It's all right."

Then the boys went after Rex. With a firm hold on his collar, they led the pedigreed Irish setter to the crate, and got him safely inside. As they fastened the door, they sighed with relief.

"Sorry, pup," Hank said, "this time you stay in there till you get where you're going."

So Rex was loaded on the train for Iowa, and before very long an equally angry letter went from there to St. Louis1 It read:

*Dear Sir:*

*Your letter received. It does not make sense. I am at a loss to understand why you ordered a pedigreed Irish setter but returned him to me with an insulting message.*

*Rex is a healthy, thoroughbred, male puppy about seven months old. He is well trained. I sent you a pedigree guaranteed by the American Kennel Club. I resent your reference to a mongrel sheep dog and will not refund your money until you apologize.*

The customer in St. Louis insisted that the dog was not an Irish setter and demanded his money back. The dog breeder held out for an apology. Letters flew back and forth.

IN THE MEANTIME, Mr. Strate returned and Toby greeted him enthusiastically.

That afternoon the boys stopped by as usual. "How did things go while I was away?" the express agent asked when he saw them.

"Fine," Rusty said promptly. Then he hesitated. "I think you'll find everything in order here, sir," he added.

"I hope so," Mr. Strate said. He looked at Rusty shrewdly. "The head office called me this morning about a complaint from a man in Iowa. Seems there was a mix-up over a dog. Do you know anything about it?"

"A mix-up over a dog, Mr. Strate?" Rusty repeated, to gain time.

"Yes. Over a mongrel sheep dog," and Mr. Strate looked pointedly at Toby, who was now snoozing in his favorite corner.

Rusty began: "Well, you see—"

The boys exchanged glances. "I guess we'd better tell you," Hank said at last.

"You might as well," agreed Mr. Strate.

The boys spilled out the whole story, one adding details the other forgot.

Mr. Strate looked very stern. "Boys," he said, "I think this is going to work out all right, but fooling around with an express shipment is serious business, no matter how good a reason you have. I'll make a few phone calls and see if we can straighten it out."

He reached for the telephone. He made two long-distance calls. First he spoke to the man in St. Louis, and then to the dog breeder in Iowa. He told each one exactly what had happened. The boys listened with baited breath and were relieved when they heard chuckles coming through the receiver.

The following day a familiar dog crate was taken off the baggage car at the little Rock Island Railroad station. Mr. Strate himself supervised its handling. But he allowed the boys to bring a pan of water for their friend Rex.

Toby was on hand, bounding about and barking. Mr. Strate patted the shaggy head.

"Rex will be at a good home in St. Louis tomorrow," he said, "and I'm mighty glad you are staying right here, Toby."

# RIDE BEHIND A WOODBURNER

Text and Photographs
by Wilbur T. Golson

Cabbage-stack No. 1, built by Baldwin in 1906, loaded with wood for the day's run on the Scott & Bearskin Lake, awaits passengers.

Wilbur T. Golson, 1324 Marque Ann Drive, Baton Rouge, La. 70815

LOCATED on a large plantation near Little Rock, Ark., is a quaint little pike with steam power of the 1900s and rolling stock of the 1890s. The Scott & Bearskin Lake Railway, created by the volunteer work and generosity of a few Arkansas people, is both historical and educational.

The coming of the St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt) Railroad long ago to Scott, Ark., included an extensive spur system to serve the Robert L. Dortch plantation's activities in soybeans, cotton, corn, and grain-drying. This spur now connects with the S&BL trackage. The plans of Robert L. Dortch, Sr., to have a steam railroad and plantation-life museum at Scott are being carried out by his son and grandsons. The entire Dortch family enjoys steam railroading and supports the project and its operations.

With the help of Richard A. Grigsby, a steamfan of Malvern, Ark., the S & BL was founded in 1972 and opened to the public in 1974. Operations are now on week-ends only, from 1 to 5 p.m. in mid-April through mid-October, but may be extended to a four- or seven-day week. With more trackage added each year, the line reaches across an old bayou, where the train stops and poses for pictures before returning to the picturesque Scott depot.

Across the highway from the depot is the plantation-life museum with displays of oldtime equipment, stationary steam and gas engines, boilers, and steam tractors. One or more tractors may operate on the depot and museum grounds during the weekend.

The locomotives and combine car came from the W.T. Carter & Brother sawmill in the pine woods at Camden, Texas. Engines numbered 1, 2, and 201

Conductor raises hand signaling last stop of the day on S&BL at the wooden Scott station.

Few museum type roads can boast of a real "armstrong" turntable. Scott & Bearskin Lake bought it from Moscow, Camden & San Augustine R.R., which used it to turn their engines at Moscow, Texas. Often passengers and railfans flex muscles with the crew.

hauled logs to the mill and finished products to the mainline at Moscow, Texas. Later, this become the Moscow, Camden & San Augustine Railroad, which provided mixed-train service for seven miles between Camden and Moscow. Passenger service was operated until July 9, 1973. Four of the long-stored locomotives at the mill site were moved to Scott, along with the combine passenger car, several flatcars, and the turntable.

Two Hollywood movies featured the 1-spot: "The Bootleggers," in which she pulled down the jailhouse walls, and "The Great Lester Boggs," in which she raced with automobiles. The Scott & Bearskin Lake Railway used the flatcars to build two open-bench and two closed-type tourist cars. With these four and the old combine, operations begun in 1974 at Scott. The combine No. 512, built by Pullman in 1898 for the Long Island Railroad, came to the MC&SA in the 1950s and made over 13,000 trips before it became inoperable in 1973. Described as a combination passenger and merchandise car, it had a mail section, with a Wells Fargo strongbox imbedded in the floor and a nearby rack holding a loaded shotgun. The old combine still has its original rattan seats, oak panels, and frosted-glass transoms. It is attractive-looking, with an orange body, a silver roof, and interesting MC&SA emblems on each side.

The next car obtained by the Scott & Bearksin Lake was an ex-Georgia Northern coach, No. 115, built by Barney & Smith, for the Central of Georgia in 1895. It has heavy-duty six-wheel trucks and a Pullman-green wooden body. The Georgia-Northern used it to haul Army troops as late as 1942. Then it was sold to the American Railroad Equipment Museum at Hilliard, Fla., where owner Arthur La Salle had plans to restore it. However, S&BL bought it and the restoration is almost complete under the direction of Mrs. Frederick Rebsamen, after whom it was named "Floride." The restored coach has green velvet seats, nine brass chandeliers for Pintsch gas lighting. Tiffany art glass, and stained-glass window trim and transoms. The restrooms still have polished copper fixtures and bright brass spigots.

Not many rail museums have a real oldtime "armstrong" turntable. S&BL bought the one which the MC&SA had used to turn their engines at Moscow. After being dismantled, it was taken to Scott, where a new concrete pedestal was poured to support the ten-ton table. Thus manpower still turns engines and cars at the S&BL yards. Often passengers and railfans assist by furnishing the manpower.

The depot came from the Cotton Belt, being the actual Scott station built in 1897. It was moved intact across the highway and restored to original condition, except for modern rest rooms and electricity. The depot, inside and out is painted in Cotton Belt colors. Its semaphore came from a Rock Island station in Kansas. The water tank originated on an Arkansas shortline, the Eldorado & Wesson. There are three cabooses: No. 214 from the Louisiana & Northwestern, 60 from the Graysonia, Nashville & Askdown, and 143 came from the Cotton Belt. More equipment and rolling stock is stored elsewhere, awaiting move to Scott for restoration and use. A locomotive is at Malvern for repairs. Another in use, along with three S&BL tourist cars, at the Reader Railroad Park in Reader, Arkansas.

End of day arrives at Scott as woodburning No. 1 glides into the depot with train.

Combine 512, built by Pullman in 1898 for Long Island R.R., came to MC&SA in 1950s and made over 13,000 trips before coming to S&BL.

No. 2, built by Baldwin in 1907, originally a woodburner and converted to oil by W.T. Carter & Bros., shown doubleheading with No. 1.

# BLACKLISTED

by E.S. Dellinger

THE fall rush of 1892 caught the Ozark Central with the heaviest business in its history, and nothing to haul it with save a lot of old Ten-wheelers which, if there had been rigid Government inspection, could not have gotten over the turntable.

Every engine was ready for the backshop, yet was working day and night; and the men who ran them were risking their lives every time they hooked onto a string of cars and started over the road.

Ted Sharon and his father knew it that night they were called to take a drag of empties east out of Winfield with No. 343. She had come in four hours before on a merchandise run with flues leaking, injectors sticking, throttle not closing, and several other maladies with which a locomotive may be afflicted and still limp into terminal.

They were union men, both of them. Old Bill Sharon had helped to organize the Ozark Central for the Engineers and had been active in Brotherhood affairs for twenty years. Ted belonged to the Firemen.

Bill went to the roundhouse foreman's office to howl about the old mill they were taking out. The foreman was on the prod. Dispatchers, trainmasters, yardmasters were all riding Mike Flannigan, expecting him to prepare these scrap heaps as fast as they came in, and turn them out bright, shining, and ready to pull the world.

"What's the matter with you two birds?" he bellowed. "I suppose you want another stick of pin-grease, or a quart of valve oil, or—"

"We want to know what work's been done on the 343 since she came in," the engineer shot back.

"She's marked okay, ain't she?"

"Yeah."

"She's coaled and watered and on the outbound track, ain't she?"

"Yeah."

"Then what in hell are you belly-achin' for?"

"Listen to me, Flannigan," said the engineer. "That junk pile came in here with both injectors stuck tight and flues leaking till they couldn't keep a fire under her. Unless they've been worked on, I ain't taking her out."

The foreman pounded his desk. "Them injectors are cleaned!" he roared. "Injectors cleaned and flues plugged. Now get outa here!"

Bill and his son went over the 343, for enginemen in those days didn't put too much faith in roundhouse reports. They found that the flues were *not* leaking and both injectors picked up water like new, so they pulled out of town with her.

WHEN Ted fired for his father he looked after his own water, carried it high, and kept a thin stream running through the left injector. But this day, before they were ten miles out, he began having trouble. The injector kept breaking and Ted had to work with the thing a long time before it would pick up the steam.

With a temper heated by forty long hours on duty, he damned the money-grabbing brass collars. He wished they had to ride those old mills till they were blown into kingdom come, and exploded his wrath upon the unoffending Brotherhood.

"We pay dues to the big boys back East," he stormed, "and what do we get? If they had the nerve of a week-old chicken they'd insist upon an engine inspection that means something—instead of this," he broke off contemptuously.

"It takes time, son," Old Bill replied. "You can't expect labor organizations born less than thirty years ago to step right in and dictate to capital which has ruled the world from the beginning."

"Yeah, and before the Brotherhood wakes up and demands protection, a lot of us fellows on the Ozark Central will be blown to glory out of these rickety cabs."

Little dreaming that before the dawn his bitter prophecy would begin to be fulfilled. Ted returned to battle with the clogged injector.

Around midnight it quit entirely and the engineer took control of the water with the other injector, but they realized it might quit at any moment and force them to kill the fire. Bill Sharon wired a report from Cedarvale, and the dispatcher ordered him to take his train on to town.

When the night is dark and a cold November rain is falling, trouble rides the iron. They dragged on through the darkness. Every few miles the injector broke. Old Bill kept nursing it, shutting off steam,

using the squirt hose, shoving the worn handle in and drawing it out. Five times in as many hours they stopped and prepared to cover the fire; but each time, just as Ted was going down after wet earth, the thing caught and they kept on going.

THE TRAIN crew knew what was happening, knew there was injector trouble. Twice the conductor came over when they stopped, but after that he stayed in his caboose. He was back there when they stopped at the foot of Hanson Hill; and the head brakeman was there too, leaving the two enginemen alone in the cab.

Bleak dawn was breaking. An icy fog wandered among the skeleton oaks which rose like the walls of a tomb along the right-of-way. Ted had a heavy fire, with the needle against the peg ready to pop. He jerked open the firebox door.

Several minutes they worked on the injector—the conductor later testified "six or seven." It refused to pick up a drop of water! They tried the left one. It was still dead. The pop valve kept lifting, blowing its column of white, for the fire with which Ted had intended to keep his boiler hot while pulling the long grade burned on.

The water level fell. When it was just under half a glass Bill Sharon called out: "Well, son, it looks like we might as well kill it."

"All right by me," Ted shouted back. "I hope they don't get another hog out here to pull her in till this time tomorrow."

Old Bill frowned. He was meeting No. 1 at Hebens, a mile up the grade, within thirty minutes.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, son," he said. "We'll run the hog in the house track and kill her. Then when Number One comes they can run down and pull our train into the clear. We've got plenty of water and it will save them a lot of time."

Ted grumbled; but, aware that there was a bed and breakfast at the top of the hill, he pulled the pin.

The engineer should have called the conductor over. That was the one mistake he made. If the skipper had come he'd have been a witness, but to do so would delay the train. If Dan went at all he must go quickly, for the water was still shrinking. That's why he left the conductor in the caboose while he and Ted went up alone.

The last thing Ted did before he dropped off to open the switch was to look at the gages. There was then three inches of water in the glass and the engine ready to pop. His father was still working with the injector, making a last effort to get it started.

The Hebens switch was on a high fill where dirt was hard to find. A short distance ahead was a cut where it would be easy. Ted went by the engine, walking toward the cut. That's what saved him—walking to the cut instead of riding.

It was broad daylight. Ted located a pile of earth at the entrance to the cut and stuck his scoop into it.

Soon the old engineer opened the side window, stuck his head out, and tugged at the throttle. Ted was watching him, saw the movement of the shoulders. That was the last movement Bill Sharon ever made.

As steam eased into the cylinders there came a thunderous blast. Wind from it picked Ted up and hurtled him back into the cut. He did not know for many seconds what had happened. When he recovered from the shock he looked down where the engine had been. Nothing was left on the rails but the running gear and a mass of jumbled pipes which had once been the rotten flues of an old locomotive. The boiler was gone, the cab was gone, his father was gone!

Hours later they found poor old Bill Sharon, what was left of him, sprawled under a blackjack tree and they took the remains to town in a Pullman sleeper.

TED SHARON did not give a thought to the cause of the accident until after the funeral. The first inkling came with a curt summons to an investigation. Ted went into it with no idea of any blame attaching to himself or to the engineer. But he was soon disillusioned.

"Foghorn Bill" Cassidy, as general manager, conducted the investigation. He was a hard official, had been investigating railroad accidents for more than twenty years. For ten of those years he had not failed to open his inquisition with the bald statement:

"You birds had better tell me the straight of this now; but I'm warning you before you open your mouths that I don't expect to believe a damned word you will say."

Ted was thunderstruck. He'd never before sat in an investigation, but he told as nearly as possible what had happened on the run. There was no thought he would not be believed, even after Foghorn's brusque opening statement.

When Ted came to the occurrence on the hill, Foghorn stopped him to ask: "How much water did you say was in that boiler when you stopped there?"

"More than a half a glass."

"How much was in your tank?"

"Why—I don't know," Tom faltered. "It was half full when we left Williams. I had not measured it since."

Foghorn snorted. "Hadn't measured the water for more than an hour and didn't measure it when your injector quit working! Humph!"

"No, sir. The injector had been giving trouble all night."

"Likely story, Sharon!"

Ted's Irish temper flared. He had been taught to tell the truth and he had told it.

"Have you got a better one, sir?"

"Yes!" The syllable came like a cannon's roar. "Listen to me, young feller. I'll tell you what happened. You didn't fill that tank full when you had it under the spout at Cedarvale. Neither one of you looked at it till your injector quit. Then you suddenly remember that you hadn't filled it. You went high with a clinker hook to measure the water. I can see you now. Tank bone dry. Water low in the boiler. Injector dead."

Ted listened in amazement, but did not interrupt as the G. M. went on:

"Engineer knows he can't take a dry tank into investigation of an injector failure. So off he goes high-tailing it to Hebens tank. Water drops. You hop off and start hunting dirt. Engineer stays in the cab, trying to work his injector and hopes his crownsheet's still covered. Tank levels off at the switch. Injector picks up the water, throws it on a red-hot sheet and—flewy! One man is killed, the Ozark Cent-

ral is out a perfectly good freight hog."

Foghorn added viciously: "And you're fired, young man. Fired! Do you understand?"

TED KNEW he had gotten a raw deal. He appealed to his Brotherhood, confidently expecting them to go to bat for him. Wasn't that why he paid dues—to secure protection?

The committee looked into the case. The boiler of No. 343 had exploded en route to a siding where there was a water tank. The conductor had *not* been called over to go up the hill with them. They accepted Foghorn Cassidy's hypothesis instead of Ted's statement, and decided that the fireman had no case.

Mike Flannigan, the roundhouse foreman, was one of the officers in the local Brotherhood lodge. Because a decision favorable to him would have involved Flannigan, would have placed responsibility for the explosion on the roundhouse rather than the road crew, Ted jumped to the conclusion that Flannigan had influenced the committee to decide against him.

Whether this was true or not, the hotheaded Ted Sharon did not know; but he *thought* it was. He smacked Flannigan's face on the lodge hall floor, told the whole crowd they were a bunch of heels, and damned their Brotherhood.

After cooling off, Ted realized he'd made an awful blunder. He applied for readmission to his lodge; but causing a boiler explosion, fighting railroad officials, striking a worthy brother without cause and telling a grievance man what he thought of the whole organization were serious offences. He was not readmitted. He was, in fact, blacklisted. Only a no-bill fireman, he took the moonbeam trail. . . .

TED SHARON was not even hunting a job that morning in the spring of 1893 when he loitered around the Pacific Coast Line yards in Frisco. Hounded from place to place for months, the fireman had become a drifter; with no future except a life of rambling and perhaps death beneath the wheels of a rattling freight.

Untidy, like the railroad bums he had once despised, Ted was now trying to hook a ride over the pass to the cities on the West Coast. A Ten-wheeler, going weatward, stormed out of the roudhouse lead into the train yard, and eased gently in to the cut of twenty loads which had stood all night on track one.

The engineer—Ted did not know then he was John Morgan, Jr., better known as "Monkey"—swung down from the cab with cans and wrenches to go over the 654. The outlawed fireman watched his antics. Monkey was a dandified youth with sideburns, checkered trousers, a brown derby, and toothpick shoes. He started cutting capers before he was halfway through oiling, shying cinders at the brake head in the left cab window, and shouting wisecracks at the section gang taking out a rail.

Ted kept watch from behind the framework of the water tank. Their gay comradeship made him long for a home on the rail. Aware that friendly engine crews often welcomed to their cab a man who could handle a scoop, he strolled toward them.

Monkey Morgan called out. "Hi, 'bo!"

Ted did not introduce himself nor ask for favors as a railroad man nor hint that he himself had spent time on the deck of a locomotive.

He said: "Hi, hogger! What's the chance gettin' a job firin' this hog over the mountain?"

"We ain't hiring firemen today," Monkey retorted. "But we might use an assistant. What about it, Cardigan?" he called to the fireman. "Have you still got the stomach-ache?"

Ross Cardigan snorted and turned red in the face. The engineer winked to him. "Want a guy to rake down coal for you going up the hump?"

"I might use him," the fireman grunted. "The way this hog steams and the way you hammer her, we'll probably need all we've got in the tank before we get to Crestone."

"All right, 'bo!" Monkey waved a gloved hand toward the rear. "There's twenty open-air Pullmans between here and the crummy. If you're not afraid of soiling your clothes, you can hang around the tank till we get ready to leave town, then take a berth in one of 'em." He turned to the conductor. "I don't think Frank Simms will call for fickets. Eh, Frank?"

THE CONDUCTOR grinned and said he wouldn't. Ted started toward the tank. He was an engineman. As he passed the driving gear he saw a battered sandpipe at the right front driver whose clamp had come loose and let it turn to throw sand from the rail instead of on it. The kidding hogger had failed to see it. Ted called him, pointed down.

Monkey said, "Thanks, 'bo!" and returned to his cab for wrench and hammer. As the train pulled out, Ted caught a coal car loaded with pipe and he promptly went to bed.

The burnished sun pounded the desert floor. Throughout the sweltering spring morning the drag, with a pusher shoving the caboose, fought its way toward the top of the blistered, blackened mountain wall which cuts the desert from the sea.

Ted fell to wondering about this crew of rails. All were members of the railway labor organizations. Their emblems showed it. The rollicking engineer, who he already figured was somebody's son, belonged to both the Firemen and the Engineers, Cardigan to the Firemen, and Simms to the Trainmen. Although Ted had not seen the symbol on the engineer, he knew that both the conductor and the firemen wore the emblem of a new order which was sweeping like a meteor up the sky of railroad labor—the American Railway Union.

Blacklisted though he was, Ted had kept track of the labor movement. He knew that Gene Debs and the other leaders, convinced that one big union including *all* rail workers would be more powerful than the old setup with a Brotherhood for every craft, had organized this group. Their avowed purpose was to demand living wages and safe working conditions.

The ARU had urged the "Big Four" Brotherhoods to join them as the nucleus of the new order. The old-line leaders had refused. Then the ARU had sent delegates into the field, enlisting not only those men who had not been previously organized, but members of the old orders as well. Ted knew a

bitter fight was going on now between the new organization and the four old ones.

THE MORNING dragged away. The freight pulled into a blind siding far up toward the pass. Ted was riding an open coal car which had now become a sweltering pit with the sun beating down into it. He climbed out and sauntered up to the engine.

Cardigan was lying on his back on the shady side of the tank with his hat pulled over his face.

Monkey Morgan was puttering about the driving gear, and said. "I'm glad you come over, 'bo. The fireboy's not feeling so well, and he'd like to have you rake down a little coal."

Ted drank from the tank faucet and went high to rake down coal. After he had scooped a ton or more into the open gate, he came out to rest in the shade near the two enginemen. They were arguing then, discussing Debs and the new American Railway Union.

Cardigan was a regular soapbox orator, expounding the glories of the new order and what it would do.

"You'd better sign up with us," he told the engineer. "These old Brotherhoods have dilly-dallied around here for thirty years. Now, when we get things lined up we're going to make those big boys come across. We'll get air brakes and automatic couplers, and better working conditions and shorter hours—"

"Isn't that what the Big Four have been fighting for ever since they organized?" Monkey defended.

"Fighting, hell! They've never *fought* anything except each other. All they've ever done has been to beg and coax. Believe me, this new crowd's going to get something done."

Monkey quit drawing a comic picture in the cinders and gave Cardigan the respberry. "I suppose the brass hats will give each of you boys a nice block of stock on a silver platter."

"If they fool with us," Cardigan retorted, "we'll tie their cock-eyed roads up so tight they can't run a baby buggy over 'em. There won't be a wheel rolling when Gene says stop."

Gene—Eugene Victor Debs: Ted was going to hear that name mentioned a great many times in the future. He knew that Debs had been a locomotive fireman, then a labor organizer, but because he could not read the future Ted Sharon never dreamed that the fiery head of the ARU would eventually run for President of the United States, not once but three times, and finally poll a million votes.

AND NOW Cardigan was arguing with his engineer about what Debs was going to do. Monkey was not seriously interested. He started singing "Life's Railway to Heaven." Before long he was calling Cardigan a labor agitator and wanting to know how much Gene was paying him to make speeches for the ARU.

The freight came. Ted remained in the cab and rode the gangway pulling out of Victree. So far the men had paid little attention to him, accepting him as a railroad bum As they dragged on up the pass, with heat devils charging in from the desert to join other heat devils charging out from the firebox, Cardigan began to wilt.

Monkey kidded him about having a stomach ache, but Ted noticed that the engineer relieved him at the scoop for long stretches and let Cardigan handle the throttle. At length, after Morgan had fired for a mile stretch and Cardigan was coming into the deck, Ted volunteered to take the scoop.

"What do you know about firing?" the bakehead asked crossly. "It takes more than elbow grease to keep one of these mills hot."

"You never know what a guy can do till you try him," Ted replied. "I used to scoop corn into the crib back on the Iowa farm."

Cardigan laughed, but he surrendered the scoop and watched critically. Ted filled it at the tank, pivoted neatly, opened the firedoor, and slid its redhot contents skillfully into a back corner.

There is a knack to firing which a man learns nowhere except on the deck of a locomotive. Both men eyed the "bum" as he skillfully laid his two forward and three back to protect the corners against the incessant hammering. They were not exactly surprised. Many ex-rails have taken the hobo trail for one cause or another.

After Ted had put in three fires, Morgan commented slyly: "You must have shoveled a helluva lot of corn on your farm, 'bo."

"I did," was the brief answer.

Cardigan let him fire on up to Crestone, pointed out the scenery, and showed him where "The Black Gang" had held up train No. 1 a few years ago and killed an express messenger, and where a train had got away from a crew in a snowstorm and plunged off the mountain.

This friendly acquaintance would probably have ended in San Berdoo, and Ted would have kept on going, if it had not been for Monkey Morgan's kidding.

CRESTONE was the top of the pass. Although it humped two engines to drag twenty loads *up* from the east, one could lead a mile of them *down* with perfect ease. For this reason it had become official practice to run two trains to the top of the pass, couple them together, add a swing brakeman to help hold them, and then highball down the hill.

They pulled into Crestone at 3:30 and picked up a message to fill forty cars. Because men had been predicting that sooner or later one of these unwieldy drags would get away and fill a canyon full of cars, they always set up a howl when they had to fill.

Monkey Morgan howled that afternoon. He spent fifteen minutes in the office trying to explain to the dispatcher why he should not be required to pick up twenty cars today. His reasons were not sufficient. When he came out of the office his instructions were unchanged.

While they were fooling around Crestone picking up the extra twenty cars of junk, Monkey left Ted at the throttle, went to the store and came back with a bag of crackers, a hunk of cheese, and a slab of fatback. Washing off the scoop with a squirt hose, he sliced the fatback and fried it in the firebox; and they had a mid-division lunch. All the while he was singing his version of "The Red Caboose," twenty-odd verses, not one of which would do to print.

The twenty crooked miles from Crestone to San Berdoo is now just another hill; but in those days, be-

fore railroad *men* fighting railroad *money,* brought in air brakes, block signals, and automatic couplers, every trip down it was a challenge to death. The road falls out of Crestone switch 200 feet to the mile and the grade does not let up a lot until it winds into the years in San Berdoo.

Monkey took a red signal flag and penciled on it the motto of the order—*"Each for all and all for each"*—and told Cardigan that was the flag of the American Railway Union. Then he tore the flag from its staff, threaded a wire through the cloth, and, declaring he was going aloft to fly Cardigan's colors from the masthead, climbed atop the boiler and went fastening it to the diamond stack so it would flap back in the wind.

Monkey finished his flag-raising and returned to his throttle. The men had not set all the brakes on their cars. They rarely did. They kept setting cold ones and releasing others when the shoes got red and the wheels started burning. Monkey held his engine air for emergency, setting it when the cars picked up speed, releasing it when they slowed down.

Once when he had made the set, Ted remarked: "It will sure be nice when you get brakes on all freight trains."

"We're going to get them," Monkey said. "The law's already—"

"Yeah, we'll get 'em," Cardigan beefed, "When the brass collars get good and ready to obey the law and equip their rolling stock. But by that time you and me and a lot of other rails will have gone to glory in collisions and derailments. If these old Brotherhoods had stood together instead of fighting—"

"I suppose," Morgan interrupted, "when you and Mr. Debs get the boys lined up in the ARU we'll have all cars come out next day with air brakes and automatic couplers and men working six hours a day and drawing ten dollars a trip."

They were running down toward Creel then, eight miles from Crestone. Cardigan got down to put in a fire and shake his grates. Morgan whistled for the station and kicked off his engine brake. The train picked up speed.

TED WATCHED the changing panorama. The familiar throb of the locomotive, the feel of a throttle and scoop and the friendly gab made him wish he might reinstate in his old order and go back railroading.

Clouds which from Crestone had appeared as tiny specks were now masses of billowy black. Monkey kept watching them. He said: "We're going to hit rain down here on this hill."

"Does your track often get slick?" Ted queried.

"Two slick for comfort."

This reminded the engineer that he had had a bad-order sandpipe in Frisco. It had given a bit of trouble on the hill, but he had not examined it at Crestone. He had been trying to talk the dispatcher out of a fill, and later cooking a mid-division lunch. He looked at it now. It was *not* throwing the sand on the rail.

He told Ted to run the engine while he was gone, and went out through the front cab window with a hammer.

The canyon floor was now 200 feet below them, skimming alone twelve miles an hour. Monkey stood on the running board, pointed down into the depths, and showed in pantomine what would happen to a man who missed his step. He was still grinning when he climbed to the pilot platform.

The only position whence he could reach his pipe was from the shelf directly behind the pilot, atop the cylinder. It was a six-inch-square slab of metal put there to step on in going to the pilot.

They had now turned down from Creel and run into the rainstorm. Wet wheels and stiffening grade quickened their speed. The engine was weaving. The cars were swaying gently; and on the decks the brakemen, heads ducked into the storm, were leisurely tightening brakes and watching the engine. Ted could almost hear them swearing and wondering whether "that damned hoghead's goin' to use his engine air to help us hold this train, or whether he thinks it's put there for him to play with."

But Monkey Morgan was interested in neither the train speed nor what the shacks were thinking. He was lying on his stomach on a six-inch shelf, working on a sandpipe and damning the rain. He quit hammering, signaled Ted to turn on the sand, and leaned far out to watch results. He was not clowning then. He was holding to the shelf with his left hand turned palm upward and clutching the hammer with the right.

Which of three things caused it, no one ever knew. It all happened quickly. But in the instant Monkey hung there by his eyebrows, peering at the sandpipe, a gust of wind whisked the red flag and its wire off the smokestack and smacked him in the face with it. The engine hit a low joint. It heeled right, while a terrific clap of thunder jarred the mountains.

In the winking of an eye Monkey was off the shelf, a whirl of denimed arms and checkered legs thrashing around the cylinder, with a thousand deaths battling one lone life for a hoghead's wayward soul.

WITH A STARTLED "My God!" Ted whirled into the cab. He used the engine air and sent out a frantic scream for brakes. But something was wrong under the driving gear. A brake beam had come off its hanger and was clattering in the track.

Monkey was now dangling by one arm with his back to the track, his heels knocking the ties. Only the grip of five fingers on a plate of steel hung between him and eternity.

Cardigan shouted: "What's the matter? What's happened?"

Ted did not answer. He plunged through the cab window and darted along the running board. Morgan was below him, the strained white face with rain streaking down it, the left hand clenched in a death grip.

Ted stumbled to the pilot platform. He hooked one arm into the brace and with the other he groped out and down. The hand touched cloth, the arms locked. The stream of time oozed by. Death was battling now for *two* railroad souls instead of one.

On top of the cars three men left brake wheels and came running. From the cupola window a horrified conductor dashed into the storm, heading for the scene of struggle.

Cardigan followed Ted Sharon

out through the window. He was close behind when Ted recovered his balance and began lifting the heavy weight of the engineer toward the platform. Cardigan braced himself against the sway of the locomotive and helped to raise Morgan to his feet.

The engineer's derby was gone. His checkered trousers were in shreds. His eyes were wide. He shook his head with the rain streaking out of the brown curly hair. A terrific clatter was coming from under his engine. He looked at the other two men and inquired in a voice which he tried to keep from shaking: "What's that racket?"

"The driver beam," Ted stated thickly. "Under the hind drivers. It dropped when I set the brakes."

Morgan was first into the cab, working with the brake valve and the levers. The conductor, Frank Simms, and his brakemen stumbled through the coal.

"What you tryin' to do?" Simms demanded. "'Commit suide?"

"We'll all be committin' suicide," Morgan growled, "if you don't get out of here and back there where you belong. Can't you see this engine brake's shot? If you guys don't get the brakes screwed down the quickest you ever did in your lives, this drag's hell and gone down the mountain."

Ted looked out of the cab window. The fence posts were flicking by twenty miles an hour.

Simms and his brakemen did not wait for a second telling. They tightened a grip on the clubs and went high. When they stopped the train, four miles farther on, Morgan disconnected the brake beam, took it down, and they went on to San Berdoo.

IT WAS DARK when they finally rolled into the terminal at the foot of the hill. Ted went with Morgan and Cardigan to the beanery. Morgan had now completely recovered from the effects of his fall and was clowning with the cute-looking waitresses. While they were eating they discussed what had happened.

Morgan said: "Sharon, if you hadn't used your head to think with, some other guy would have gobbled this T-bone."

Ted grunted with a grim smile.

Cardigan growled: "Yeah, an' if you'd been tending to your business instead of fiddling around, it never would have happened."

"But it did happen," the engineer said seriously, and if there's any way I can help this guy—"

"There probably ain't," Ted cut in. "I'll down this T-bone tonight and sleep in the sandhouse, and tomorrow—that's another day."

They all fell silent. After the steak had been eaten Monkey shoved back his plate and stared with interest at the wandering rail.

"I'm not much of a hand to nose into other people's business, Sharon, but unless I miss my guess, you're in trouble."

Ted was looking at his plate.

Morgan continued: "I don't know your story—and I'm not asking for it—I do know this: You're not on the bum from choice. Right?"

"Right." Eyes met in a glance of understanding. "How'n the devil can a fellow get a job when every official in the country turns him down because one son of a bitch fired him for something he didn't do; and a weak-kneed Brotherhood didn't have the guts to see he got justice?"

Cardigan's square jaw came down. He thought the Almighty had made the Brotherhoods, all of them.

"I've heard of men working without any reference," Morgan suggested.

"So have I," said Ted, "but I never had much luck at it."

"If you want to work on this pike," Morgan spoke with assurance, "you can do it. My old man's the master mechanic. When I tell him you risked death to save my worthless neck, all you'll need to go work here's a name to put on the payroll."

The next morning John Morgan, Jr., led a bathed and barbered bum to the parental throne. Big John Morgan was a human iceberg. Ted knew it at first glance. His hair was gray and straight and thin. His eyes were gray and keen. The emblems on his watch chain showed he had fought in labor's wars, for he belonged to both the Firemen and the Engineers.

He laid a half-smoked cigar on the ash tray and leaned back in the swivel chair. If only he had given Ted a chance to explain then, to tell his story, and say he'd like to get back into the Firemen and make good—but he didn't. Instead he fixed the keen gray eyes on Sharon's blue ones and asked coldly: "Are you the boy I'm expected to hire without a reference?"

"Yes, sir." Ted was almost wishing he had gone to Frisco.

"Here is an application blank. You may fill it out as you choose. It will be filed but not investigated."

That was all—no question, no expression of gratitude, no wish for success, just those cold, hard statements and the job of firing were all Ted Sharon had from Big John Morgan—until that night on the floor of the Firemen's hall several months later.

TED SOON LEARNED there was bitter strife growing among the man on the Pacific Coast Lines. The American Railway Union was organizing there. Its leaders were working frenziedly to enroll every employee in the new army. Officials were fighting grimly to stamp it out, because they knew that a union of all railroad men would be a powerful group to oppose.

Ted investigated. The new and rapidly growing union promised protection. He believed in it. He reasoned that with every railroad man behind the movement it would be able to *demand* justice and a living wage, not merely *beg* for those things. He joined the Debs organization and set quickly to work helping win converts.

His first convert was Monkey Morgan. Why Monkey went into it Sharon never knew. His father, brought up in the conservative doctrines of the old orders, hated the ARU. Monkey himself apparently was destined for the swivel chair, but though he belonged to two old Brotherhoods, he joined the new one.

Ted never forgot the scene that night when Big John found it out. He and Monkey had brought in a freight drag from the east and gone to the roundhouse with the engine. Big John met them when they swung out of the cab. His voice quivered when he collared his son and asked harshly: "Is it true, John, you've gone into this Railway Union?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Why?"

"Because I believe that a union of all railroad men is the solution to our labor problem."

The master mechanic turned to Sharon. "I promise, sir," he said in an icy, cutting tone, "your eloquence is responsible for this—this disgrace?"

"Partially so, yes." Ted was not ashamed of his order.

"Thank you, Sharon." He turned again to his son. "Will you resign from it tonight?"

"I will not," Monkey replied.

"Very well, John Morgan. When you come to your senses and quit following a lot of radicals and agitators trying to break down the very things I've struggled half a lifetime to build up, you may again become my son. Until then you are just another fool engineer, always in trouble."

OVERNIGHT young Morgan ceased to be the division clown and settled into a steady-going, hard working rail. He left home, and he and Ted took a suite in a small lodging house. They had already become pals, but from that time on they lived together and worked together until the crisis came a year later.

All through that winter and the spring of 1894, the two of them, with fireman Cardigan and conductor Frank Simms, kept preaching the crusade for the new order; and by the time the strike was called in June they had lined up every fireman and brakeman and more than half the engineers and conductors.

The ARU increased in strength. It pulled the Great Northern strike in '93—and won. High brass collars acted. They instructed local officials to weed out all members of the dreaded new order and replace them with others who would promise not to join.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST Lines, superintendent Mayes, trainmasters Baer and Rumley, and master mechanic Morgan were "good" men. All were members of the old Brotherhoods. All had fought for the rights of organized labor. Good men, but hard as nails. They had to be, to control those tough guys who ran trains and engines over 300 miles of mountain, plain and desert.

They conferred behind closed doors when the order came—conferred and came out unsmiling. Whether or not they relished the task, they had orders which must be obeyed.

In March an engineer and a conductor were caught exceeding the speed limit down Colmar Hill on the coast route. There was an investigation down that hill, but their plea did not save them. They were summarily dismissed. Both were ARU members.

In April a smooth dispatcher issued an innocent-looking trick order to "Bud" Wiley's crew. Five men read it and did not catch the trick. They "smoked over" against another freight. Nothing happened, because the smooth dispatcher held it before it got by the wrong meeting point. The five men were ARU members. They went out and five picked men went in.

Cardigan was furious. He had always been a hothead and a loud talker. Others had counseled calmness, and warned that his tongue would land him in trouble, but Cardigan had not heeded their warning. He called the organization together and in a fiery oration demanded that they strike in defence of their wronged brothers.

Ted Sharon and Monkey Morgan pointed out that running on "smoke orders" has always been a dischargable offense in railroading, and that even though a trick order had been the cause, it would not be accepted as an alibi.

"For us to strike in the face of the evidence," Ted pointed out, "would be folly. It would only prove that this union is composed of agitators, out to win their point whether right or wrong."

Cardigan popped his fists and shouted "Traitors," but the local did not strike. The discharged men hunted jobs elsewhere. Members of the American Railway Union were now aware that unless a general strike came quickly their organization was doomed by the discharge route.

SHORTLY after young Morgan left home, he and Ted worked in freight service out of Los Angeles. On the second night after the meeting they came in at 9:30. While they were preparing to step out, a knock came at their door. Ted opened it. Big John Morgan was there. The two men stared at each other. Then the master mechanic asked: "May I come in?"

"Certainly, sir." Ted stepped aside.

Monkey was shaving. He came out of the bedroom with lather on his face and suspenders hanging.

"Hello, Dad!" The young engineer's eyes gleamed brightly. He had regretted the break with his father.

"I did not come to visit, John," the elder Morgan said coldly. "I came on business."

"Spill it." The light had gone out of Monkey's eyes. "What's on your chest?"

"I've come to offer you boys a chance for your jobs."

"Going to do something, are we?" Monkey's eyes were hard, and his tone was bitter.

"I'm *afraid* you are." There was a long pause. "You could probably avoid it if you resign from this—this American Railway Union."

"Did you come to tell us that?"

"Yes." The master mechanic nodded.

"Then you're wasting time."

Beyond the open window a passenger locomotive was getting its train under way, heading south with a string of Pullman cars. Big John Morgan arose to go.

"I'm going to explain some things you probably don't understand, young man." The father spoke earnestly. "This organization must be destroyed. There is no other course. To meet the demands we expect it to make would plunge every railroad into financial ruin. To refuse them might bring on the biggest strike in history."

Monkey replied. "There's nothing to worry about, Dad. This organization will demand no more than men deserve, no more than management can pay. I believe it is for the best interests of us all."

"And you, Sharon?" the master mechanic inquired. "I seem to remember hiring you, a human wreck, a man without a reference."

Ted resented his tone. "I didn't ask you to hire me, Mr. Morgan."

"Very well. Before the month is done, you will not be working on this job; and I must warn you that

other roads are not hiring men turned off by the Pacific Coast Lines."

Ted started slightly at the prospect of being blacklisted again. Mr. Morgan strode to the door and turned back with a hand on the knob.

"Sleep on it, gentlemen," he said. "If you decide tomorrow to change your minds, just let me know."

The boys did not change their minds; but although they were aware that trouble was brewing for them behind locked doors, they went out the next night as usual on their run to Harbor City.

TRAINMASTER BAER was an ex-dispatcher, who had come West with a leaky air pump, a rummy nose, and other ailments. He was complaining of angina pectoris that night when he and dispatcher Jimmie Doolan went into the super's office to propose the trick and get his consent.

Baer had figured it all out after Big John Morgan had told him to treat young John just as he was treating the rest of the ARU crowd; and he was proud of it.

"It'll work," he boasted. "All we've got to do is to get two extras going against each other and give 'em the order. They're not wise to tricks, because they've never had much testing; and I'll bet there's not a dozen rails on this pike would catch it if it's pulled the way I tell you."

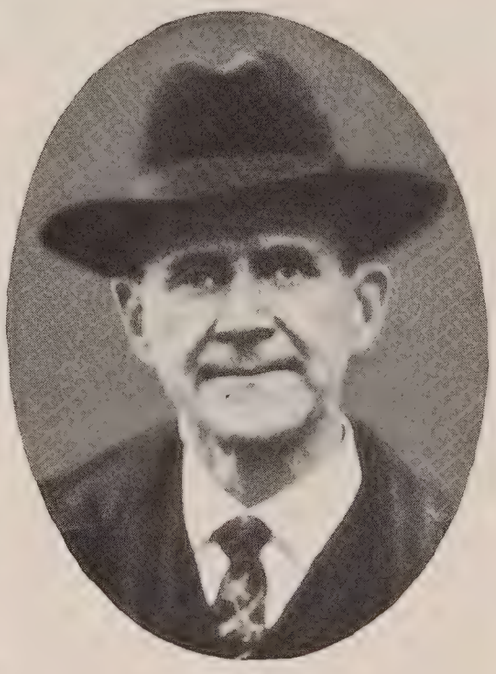
"But of that dozen," superintendent Mayes protested, "two will be Morgan's son and Sharon. Those boys are alive and looking for trouble. They'd catch it the minute they lay eyes on it and give you the horse laugh."

"Why not pull it on Cardigan?" the trainmaster suggested. "Isn't he on our list, too?"

None of them were keen for the job, because Ross Cardigan, although an agitator and a bulldog fighter, had a sick wife and a couple of kids to look after. Nevertheless, he had been too active in the ARU, and, according to orders, it was his job or theirs. So they decided to pull the trick on Cardigan, just as soon as they could get a crew and a train lined up to suit them, and leave Morgan and Sharon for another day.

The whole thing was planned that night in Mayes' office, planned so it looked as if there was no chance of putting two trains together, no matter what happened. And there would not have been, IF—

ON THE NIGHT of May 14th the boys brought No. 36, the *West Coast Merchandise,* into town. They met Cardigan, who had been set up running and was working the extra board and who was now taking a drag south. He had a made-up crew, with a booze-fighting boomer conductor they called Morpheus, a student fireman, and two student brakemen. All of them except Cardigan had come in since the office started firing its old men.



Gene Debs, American Railway Union.

Ted and Monkey were in town all next day. They saw the trainmaster board No. 1 for the south with a black satchel, destination unknown.

Conductor Simms eased by them and said in a low tone: "Watch out, fellows. Check and double check every scrap of paper you get and every move you make. The old boy's after somebody."

They fooled around town that day, and were called south on extra 643.

Cardigan took his drag into Harbor City late next morning. He was tired and he was no rounder. He and his fireman went to bed. Morpheus collected his two young brakemen and took them across the border to show them the glories of Mexico. They spent the day violating Rule G and several of the Ten Commandments, and came over in time for their call, dead from the neck up.

The dispatcher, Jimmie Doolan, was watching his step that night. Nobody knew better than Jimmie that when a man is out to do another dirt he had better be alert, lest he be caught in the pitfall.

Jimmie had two extras going south. The first was the No. 643 with young Morgan and Sharon. The other does not matter. Neither of them had done as well as had been expected.

He had a banana train in the yard at Harbor City. It was ready to start north at 11:30, but he did not order it until 12:30, because those southward extras had fallen down. He ordered the train then, with Ross Cardigan in charge. Jimmie fixed up Cardigan to run extra from Harbor City to Angelus. He also gave him an order reading: "Extra 732 North meet extra 643 South at Granite." The 643, you remember, was in charge of Morgan and Sharon.

At 1:03 Cardigan wheeled the bananas through Melton, twenty miles south of Granite. At 1:05 Morgan wheeled the lumber drag through Garbaldon, ten miles north of Granite.

Three minutes later Jimmie Doolan issued that dirty little trick order: "Extra 732 north wait at Roseview until 1:55 p.m., Bullmont 2:15 p.m. for extra 643 south."

Oh, he had a perfect right to do that, even if it did stick a banana train more than twelve hours against a drag. Trainmaster Baer had a perfect right to instruct him to issue the trick order, because Mr. Baer would be at Roseview pulling a test to see whether the men were reading orders as they should, and if Cardigan didn't catch that p.m. instead of a.m.—well, it would be too bad.

Doolan issued it, as they had planned, stopping Cardigan at Clever to get his copy and delivering Morgan's to him at Granite. Doolan then turned his attention to other trains as the two extras rolled toward each other through the darkness.

TRAINMASTER BAER got off No. 1 at Roseview, thirty miles north of Harbor City, at 4:30 that afternoon. He went into the telegraph office. Explaining a bit sheepishly that his heart was acting up, he borrowed a drinking glass from the operator, put into it a few "hot drops," and drank the potion. Then he locked the grip, left it in care of the operator, and strolled up to the north mile-post.

He sat on a pile of new ties forty feet from the tracks and stared speculatively first to the north and then to the south. The track was perfectly straight for more than a mile in both directions, and approached on a slight upgrade with a long shallow cut just north of the mile.

"Exactly the place," the trainmaster gloated. "Not a chance for anything to happen. Now if only that dispatcher doesn't bungle things, or Cardigan doesn't tumble—"

He returned to the station. The operator went off duty at six and there was no night man.

"You go on home," said Mr. Baer. "I'll hang around awhile and lock the place up when I get ready to leave."

The brass pounder did not object. He knew, of course, that Baer was after somebody's scalp, but that was not his business.

After supper the trainmaster returned to the office, unlocked his grip, and took out a red lantern, two fusees, and six torpedoes. He stuck the fusees in the floor, fastened the torpedoes to the lantern guards, and lighted the lantern.

He did not go to sleep. The trainsmaster hadn't come to Roseview to sleep. He had come here to catch Ross Cardigan disobeying an order and fire him for it. Listening in on the dispatcher's wire, he heard every order put out. He noted particularly the one given to Ross Cardigan at Harbor City instructing extra 732 North to meet Extra 643 South at Granite. He heard the dispatcher clear extra 732 at Harbor City, and a few minutes later put out the trick order.

It was now 1:15 a.m. Mr. Baer figured extra 732 would be into Roseview by 1:50. Cardigan might kill a little time and not come in until 1:55. That left him forty minutes to do a job of double flagging.

The trainmaster picked up his lantern and fusees and headed north. Halfway between the milepost and the switch he stopped long enough to strap two warning guns to the *east* rail. He went a quarter-mile beyond the milepost and strapped two warning guns to the *west* rail. He then returned to the pile of ties.

Mr. Baer's heart was pounding because his health was not good and he had been walking rapidly. He took some more pills. The pounding grew louder. He looked for the switch light down toward the station and could not see it. The sea fog stealing in had wiped it out. He had not figured on that possibility.

He made a quick calculation. There was still no danger. He'd have ample time to go flag Morgan after Cardigan had come. He laid his two fusees on the tie pile, lifted the lantern in left hand to look at the gold watch, which he was holding in the right.

CARDIGAN was mad enough to commit murder when he coupled into his train of reefers. He knew as soon as he laid eyes on them that Morpehus and both brakemen were stewed to the gills. He growled about officials firing sober hard-working men and hiring a lot of boozers.

Because he knew that not one of them was competent to judge an order or check a clearance, he reread every scrap of paper Morpheus brought him. Everything looked right. They left town at 12:40.

Remembering the dispatcher's injunction not to let those pawpaws rot in transit, Cardigan took them up the road. He made the 25 miles to Clover Beach in fifty minutes. The order board was out there; but when he read the flimsy he did not know where there was a catch to it, and he misread the "p.m."

Cardigan was now trying to get a train of bananas into terminal, not checking for technical errors in train orders. He had even forgotten that someone else might be thinking of other things. He stuffed the order into his pocket with the remark: "It won't stick us long."

He got into the cab, called in his flag and went to Roseview.

It was 1:50 when he whistled for Roseview—1:50 a.m. He killed five minutes loafing down to the station. He went over the north switch at exactly 1:55, just twelve hours ahead of time, running for the slight grade leading up to the north mile post. He hit the two guns which Trainmaster Baer had laid for him. He answered the signal and looked for a flagman.

But there was no flagman. The tricky Mr. Baer, who, according to the plan, should have been there with a red fusee, was slumped down against the tie pile with the gold watch in his cold right hand, the extinguished lantern in his cold left one—*stone dead from heart failure!*

Cardigan, of course, did not know anything about that as he topped the rise, went through the cut, and turned down the long winding grade.

IT WAS after one o'clock when young Morgan wheeled his lumber drag down into Sapello. He came down under control, because the sea fog was creeping in the lowlands. He could not see the board 200 yards. He picked up the order, looking for trouble. He read it, began to laugh. Then he read the order aloud to Ted Sharon, commenting on the "p.m."

"Looks like we've got plenty of time," he added bleakly.

Ted frowned. "Maybe we ought to go back and ask about it," he suggested. "There might be a mistake."

"It's no mistake," Monkey bellowed. "That's where Baer was going this evening—to pull this test on Cardigan. The dirty louse! I hope Cardigan catches it."

They did not reckon on personal danger. They knew the officials would not deliberately throw two trains together in pulling a test, or even take a remote chance on it. Confidently expecting Mr. Baer to flag Cardigan if the latter did overlook his hand, they blared through the night.

Monkey was restless. He kept blasting the air with his whistle, pausing between blasts only long enough for the echoes to die away. Ted did not stay in the deck long at a time. He'd open the door, fling in a few scoops of coal, and move back to the window.

His head was out of the window, with cold sea fog blowing through his red hair, when he heard a coarse *wah-wah-wah-wahu.* He whirled, leaped into the deck, and shouted:

"Stop 'em, Monkey! For God's sake, stop! That wasn't a test! Here comes Cardigan!"

But Monkey had already heard. Monkey had whipped the brake valve over to let out his engine air. Then he gave a fierce call for brakes and held down the whistle cord until the dull glow of Cardigan's oil headlight shone through the fog, and they both jumped from the engine steps.

Ted never knew how many times he turned over. When he came to himself, he was running through the muck, while two engines and forty freight cars were fighting for right-of-way.

Ted got a wrenched back and a few bruises. His companion hadn't even a scratch. Cardigan did not fare so well. He broke the right arm and left leg, and had his scalp laid open.

Of course, there was an investigation. Nobody blamed the deceased Mr. Baer or the dispatcher. Both had been within their rights in pulling a test. Cardigan, Morpheus, and the head brakeman were fired. Nobody could fire the other two students, because a certain Grim Reaper had already done that.

Ross Cardigan brooded while his broken limbs were healing. He counseled with the men. He declared if the One Big Union lived up to its promises, it would secure him justice or call out every man on strike.

His friends argued that the Union dared not strike in such a case, because while morally the blame was certainly on the men who planned the thing, technically it was on him and Morpheus. They said it was a clear-cut case of a crew misreading an order.

Cardigan did not see it that way. In anger he ordered them away, and they did not speak to him again—until that night at the viaduct.

IN JANUARY of 1894 the Pullman Company, at the very moment it was paying nine and a half percent dividends on common stocks, and its president was donating $100,000 in gifts his home town, cut in half the wages of its employees in the Pullman shops outside Chicago. Many of them were left with less than a dollar a day on which to keep a family. They struck. The Pullman Company closed its shops and locked its doors.

These men were members of the American Railway Union. Organization officials sought a settlement and the recognition of their order. Company officials said they'd have no outsiders meddling in their business. They threw out the representatives. For months things were deadlocked, the factory closed, the men out of work, the company officials paying big dividends.

Finally, on June 22nd, Gene Debs, the leader, delivered an ultimatum to the Pullman officials that unless they agreed to arbitrate or else restore the men to their jobs and former wages, he'd call on all his members throughout the nation to quit hauling Pullman cars.

In a ringing speech he called upon the ARU to stand by him, force this "monster" to deal justly with its men or else to "strangle it."

On June 27th the strike order went out from Chicago to quit hauling Pullman cars. It affected no other traffic. It included only men of the ARU. But on the Pacific Coast Line the membership of this new order had become firmly interlocked with the four old ones.

Switchmen refused to make up trains with Pullman cars; trainmen refused to haul them. They declared themselves ready and willing to move all other traffic, but the railroad companies refused to turn a wheel until the men gave up the strike and returned to work. The boys got a new strike order, and refused to move anything at all until the discharged men were reinstated.

Opinions differed. A few, like Cardigan, had been unjustly dealt with. They were dissatisfied; but in general the men had no quarrel with the company or its officials, nor the officials with their men. Some wished to withdraw from the Union and quit the strike. Others held that the strike had not been called primarily in defense of the Pullman workers.

"We're striking for our principle," they said enthusiastically. *"Each for all and all for each."*

FOR TWO DAYS not a wheel turned on the Pacific Coast Lines. The yards were dead. Passenger stations were deserted. Fires went out at the big roundhouse, save one lone curl of smoke going up from a little eight-wheeled diamond-stack locomotive on the cinder-pit track, where an oldtimer kept alive the *General Joe.*

Everything was dead, but there was no violence. Railroaders gathered in groups to ask each other solemnly what the big guys would do about it.

They soon knew. Lawyers got to work. The Pacific Coast Lines was in the hands of the receiver. It was therefore a ward of the Federal courts and every employee was under court jurisdiction. A Federal judge issued an injunction forbidding employees to interfere with train movements and ordered the men to perform their duty when called upon or else to stand in contempt of court.

Superintendent Mayes called Big John Morgan and his trainmasters into conference. Acting upon advice from the higher officials, they determined to *try* to move traffic under this injunction.

The *International Express* was their daylight run south on the coast route. Frank Simms was the regular conductor. Young Morgan and Ted Sharon were in temporary vacancies as its engine crew. All were ARU leaders. If *they* heeded the call and moved the train other men would follow. If the two refused they would go to jail for contempt of court.

Mr. Mayes called the crew into his office and explained the situation, and asked: "Do you accept the call?"

The men were serious. To refuse meant a jail sentence, possibly a long one. Ted inquired: "Will the train carry Pullman cars?"

"No, gentlemen, we will not ask you to carry Pullman cars. You see, the injunction is as binding on us as it is on you. We are compelled by it to move traffic, to move the mails."

The boys talked it over. Not one of them remembered then that they

had other cause of conflict than the Pullman strike order. They had forgotten that the most recent ARU order instructed them to refuse to move *any train* until certain employees discharged on another division had been reinstated. They filed back into the office together.

"Well?" The super looked up questioningly. "What is it?"

"We will take the call, Mr. Mayes," said Simms, "provided no Pullman cars are put on the train. But if they go on—"

"They will not, sir. Of that you may rest assured."

The men left the office. Word went out that the *International Express* was leaving on time.

AT EXACTLY 10:50 Ted and young Morgan brought the engine from the roundhouse. Three thousand people were milling about the station. There were grim-faced railroaders wondering whether their brothers had lost their nerve. There were officials gloating in an easy victory over the Union. There were business men eager to see traffic resumed.

And finally, there were women with children tagging at their shirts, hoping to be in when the excitement started. That there would be excitement—a wreck, an explosion or a pitched battle—they firmly believed.

The engine coupled into its train—three baggage cars, two express cars, and a smoker. Morgan puttered about the engine, and Ted shook his grates. Hard eyes surveyed then. But no voice was lifted, no word spoken until Frank Simms brought out the orders and started toward the engine with them.

The crowd fell back to let him pass. When Simms was climbing into the cab he heard Ross Cardigan's voice rise above the turmoil. His face distorted in rage, the crippled engineer was bellowing:

"Go on, you dirty scabs! Stay with your jobs! Little you care whether the rest of us work or starve, so long as you draw your pay!"

The word passed down the line; an ugly, subdued whisper at first, then as a policeman hurried toward Cardigan to stop his mouth, a hundred voices took it up: "Scab—traitor—"

It was still ringing from end to end of the long platform when Simms handed Monkey the orders.

The conductor was blue. He said: "It looks like we're in a mess, fellows."

"And what a mess!" Ted replied.

They had by now been well reminded that the Pullman strike was not their *only* issue. They remembered there was other cause, that men had been discharged, and they had been ordered not to roll a wheel until those men had returned to work.

Simms asked: "What shall we do? Go on or stay?"

"No matter what we do we've got our tail in a crack," Ted gloomed. "If we strike we'll be locked up. If we don't we'll be branded for life as a lot of yellow curs."

"Hobson's choice," the conductor muttered. "Morgan, what do *you* think we ought to do?"

Monkey had not been talking. He had been thinking.

When he spoke it was to say: "I'll tell you, men. They can force us to perform our duty if we are employees of the company, but they can't force us to remain in its employ. We can resign, tell 'em to take their job and go to hell with it. I reckon then they won't try to make us go."

The three of them strode into the superintendent's office and resigned. The train did not go. Big John Morgan, with the emblems of two labor organizations on his watch chain, personally took the throttle which his son had left, and moved the engine to the roundhouse.

THE MOB broke up. The men went home. Before the day was done, Morgan, Sharon, and Simms were arrested for refusing to obey the court order. The men called attorneys. They pleaded that because they had resigned they were not in contempt of court and not subject to the court order. But they were held for trial. A hundred men walked up to go their bond, and they became division heroes.

The rank and file of strikers had gone into the thing confident that they could win at once. They'd refuse to handle Pullman cars. Companies could not find other men to run their trains, because it takes years to make a good railroader. The companies would accede to their demands and put them back to work.

That's the way things looked—they had thought it was a simple struggle between them and the company. They were surprised when the Federal court stepped in to help the company. They were even more surprised when, a few days later, a regiment of regular troops came into San Berdoo and were scattered out to other terminals to awe the strikers. President Grover Cleveland, in Washington, had taken the side of capital against labor!

The strikers knew then they were fighting not only the railroad officials and railroad stockholders but the U.S. Government. Many of them admitted privately that their cause was lost, but they held stubbornly on.

The trial of the three men for contempt of court was postponed. It was only a stall. Everybody knew it.

Sharon, Morgan, and Simms loafed around town under bond. They were still interested in the strike as members of the ARU, but not as employees of the Pacific Coast Lines. They had resigned. They were jobless.

Big John Morgan strode through the terminal from roundhouse to office, and from office to roundhouse, for he was the super's right-hand man. The boys saw him, but he didn't speak to them. He pointed his cigar toward the sky, and walked by.

After failure to run the *International Express* on June 30th, officials of the Pacific Coast Lines did not try to move another train. They knew they had already won the victory. With the courts and Federal troops arrayed against the ARU, the strikers were powerless. But the management had no desire to antagonize any of their trained employees any more than was necessary—at least, not yet awhile.

So the brass collars waited, posting bulletins to the effect that men would not be rushed, that they would be given ample time to come to their senses before their places were filled by others. But they advertised for men to run their trains.

Men who did not know the cause of labor—raw boys who wished to go railroading, ex-rails who were

down and out, flocked to Los Angeles and San Berdoo. Many were honest, industrious fellows, but among them were thugs, crooks, and professional strikebreakers. They hung around the saloons and disorderly houses, filtering through the yards and dodging the strikers as much as possible.

Finally, on July 6th, Superintendent Mayes issued an ultimatum. Those who returned to duty before noon on the ninth would be reinstated with full seniority rights. Those who did not do so would no longer be on the payroll. Their places would be filled by other men.

THE CAUSE was lost. Some men crawled to the office and asked for their jobs. There were many who had never really been out, especially members of the old Brotherhoods who had not joined the new. Most of the ARU boys stood pat. Some accepted the situation. A few talked violence, but these were in the minority. Most of them submitted quietly to their fate, and determined, as Morgan and Sharon had done, to go elsewhere.

On the afternoon of July 9th Superintendent Mayes announced that on the following day the Pacific Coast Lines would resume operations. They planned to try again with the *International Express* down the coast route to Harbor City and return. They did not say what crew would go. Some thought regular men would be in their places; others figured that strikebreakers would take the train; still others predicted officials would handle it.

Ted and Monkey went down to the station. A huge crowd was there. Jobless men like themselves were looking on. Ross Cardigan was there, despondent, defeated. Gloomy-faced strikers had gathered in little knots. And again there were women and children.

The engine panted slowly from the roundhouse. In the cab were Big John Morgan and the roundhouse foreman. They backed into the cars and a trainmaster coupled the air.

Along the track for a quarter-mile, President Cleveland's blue-coated soldiers were ranged, bayonets glistening in the sun. Behind them surged the crowd, some hooting and jeering, others shouting and cheering. The railroaders did not raise their voices, did not turn a hand to interfere.

Down at the end of the platform a group of strikebreakers had gathered. These men had been offered much. Some had come on the promise of throttle jobs, others of conductor's jobs. They had been assured that whatever came they would be given preference when the strike was over. Now they found that some of the strikers had gone back to work, with their old seniority.

Some were drinking this morning, and more ugly than the defeated strikers. With them was Morpheus, the booze-fighting conductor who had been fired with Cardigan. As the train disappeared around the curve a group of them went toward a cheap lodging-house near the yards.

The train went south to the edge of town. There the officials surrendered it to a waiting crew—an elderly engineer and a conductor who had returned to work, a fireman and two trainmen hired since the strike. These men took the train in charge, but Morgan and Mayes stayed with them, intending to ride on into Harbor City and return that evening.

They reached Harbor City at 4:10. They had expected to begin the return trip immediately, arriving at Los Angeles shortly after nightfall; but engine trouble developed while they were in Harbor City and they did not get away until almost eight o'clock. It was dark then, with a sharp breeze blowing in from the sea.

THAT NIGHT the strikers held a meeting at the Union Hall. Ross Cardigan *started* to attend it. He had not missed an ARU rally since he had gotten on his feet, hobbling around with his crippled leg, urging the men to fight for their rights, to show these bullheaded sons of bitches they were not licked.

It was all the conservative leaders could do to hold the radical element in check when Cardigan talked, because Cardigan was urging them to go out and tear up the railroad.

He had to cross the footbridge over the railroad yards to get to the hall. It was dark. There were no street lights except a lone oil lamp at each end of the long bridge. The yards below were in total darkness, with the vast sea of cars fading out.

When he stepped off the bridge at its eastern end a man advanced from out of the shadows.

"Cardigan?" The low, guarded voice was familiar.

"Yes, this is Cardigan. Why, hello, Morpheus! I've not seen you since the night we overlooked our hand at Roseview."

Cardigan had not respected the booze-fighting conductor, but misery soon makes friends.

"I've been busy," the ex-conductor said with a short laugh. "Listen, Card, how would you like to make a piece of easy dough?"

"Is it honest?"

"Just driving a livery rig's honest, ain't it?"

"Sure."

"All right. I think I've got a job for you. Come on down in the yards. Meet the rest of the boys and we'll talk it over."

Cardigan almost refused then, but he needed an honest dollar, and he was willing to work for even a man like Morpheus to get it. He followed into the yards. The ex-rail led the way to a darkened switch shanty and fumbled at the door fastening.

A gruff voice called: "Morpheus?"

"Yeah."

The door opened. Morpheus led the way in and closed it. One of the men then lighted a railroad lantern. Cardigan looked them over. They were three of the fellows who had been drinking with Morpheus that morning on the platform. They were as hardlooking a lot as he had ever seen around a railroad.

Cardigan sensed they had gathered to help break the strike—to take jobs away from union men. They were his sworn enemies. The feeling of enmity increased as he watched them.

THE SQUARE-JAWED leader, who had come to the city to run a locomotive, said sternly: "Set down!" and kicked an upended keg toward the crippled engineer. Cardigan sat.

"Are you ready to talk turkey?"

the square jaw demanded.

"I reckon I'm as ready as I'll ever be. What's on your chest?"

"We want a man to drive a team for us from here to Dalton's Slough and on to Swivel Beach. We'll give you 500 dollars to do the job, if you'll get the team back here before tomorrow mornin' and keep your mouth shut afterward."

"Wait a minute!" Cardigan was stalling. "Just what's the deal?"

"What's it to you? We aim to go to Swivel Beach. See! We aim to stop at Dalton's Slough. We don't want anybody to know it. We'll pay you 500 greenbacks."

Cardigan knew something criminal was in the wind. He did not connect it with the *International Express* then, but he did not want a hand in it.

"Don't believe I'm interested, boys," he said. "It smells like dead fish."

He got off the nail keg.

"Yah!" Square Jaw snarled. "Well, you're goin' to be interested, see! You sit down, mug! You come here to talk turkey. Now you're goin' to talk it, or you won't walk out."

Cardigan listened with both ears as the other man explained:

"That train this mornin' went to Harbor City to bring back 200,000 dollars. It aimed to get away early. It didn't. It had engine trouble. It won't be here till midnight. The strikers is goin' to blow the bridge at Dalton's Slough tonight ahead of it. The guys that's on the train's all goin' to be killed in the smash. It'll serve 'em right, too."

Cardigan shuddered.

"We're goin' to happen along right afterward," Square Jaw went on. "and pick the lock on the Express Company's safe. We want a team to get away. You'll drive it, fellow, for if you don't . . ."

Cardigan was a railroader, not a criminal. He had been talking in the air about blowing bridges ahead of trains, and all that stuff, but when it came to taking a hand—that was a different matter. He didn't even think then that his driving the team down there would pin the crime on him, but he knew he was not going to do it.

He got up again, and his face was red. "I'll see you in hell—"

He never finished the sentence. A brake club crashed his skull. He slumped to the floor. The thug flung the club into a corner and said: "Get him out. We can still use him."

The gang worked quickly. Morpheus and a companion picked the limp figure up and carried it outside. The track leading up the coal chutes was thirty feet away. They draped him over a rail at the foot of the incline.

Morpheus went up the chute, released the brake from a lone coal car, and watched it hurtle down the incline to bang into a string of empties on the track below.

TED SHARON and Monkey attended the ARU meeting. It lasted until far into the night. They wondered where Cardigan was. There were bitter recriminations. Many argued that the only course now open was to return to work. Others swore they'd never return.

A few hotheads counseled violence. There were very few of these. Most of the men were levelheaded. The decision was against violence.

Ted and Monkey left the hall at 10:30 to go home. The fog had come in now from the sea. The footbridge was dark. Hands in pockets, they walked silently over the rough boards. When they were halfway across Ted stopped and listened.

"What was that?" he queried. "I heard a man groaning."

"There'll be a lot of groaning before this world's much older—"

Morgan hushed. The sound had come again. It was somewhere down in the yards.

"We'd better look into this," Ted advised. "Somebody—"

"We'd better call the police," said Morgan. "We can't get caught fooling around down there with a dead man."

They did not call the police. Instead they followed the sound. It led them to the foot of the coal chute incline. They found Ross Cardigan beside the track, where he had dragged himself while Morpheus was trying to run the coal car over him. Ted struck a match and looked at the bloody face.

Then he recalled certain threats Cardigan had made. He remembered also that while they had been in the hall two boxcars had rammed violently together. Ted jumped to the conclusion that Cardigan, maddened by injustice, had been tampering with the cars and had fallen off.

"We've got to get him out of here," he told Morgan. "If the bulls find him—"

Cardigan kept trying to tell them something. At first they did not catch the drift. Soon he was muttering about Morpheus and 200,000 dollars on the *International Express* and the bridge at Dalton's Slough. They became suspicious.

Just beyond the coal chutes was the shack of the old engine watchman. The old-timer had not left his post. He was still on duty. He was a friend of theirs and Cardigan's. They hurried the wounded man to the shack. They gave him brandy. He revived and talked brokenly.

"Morpheus and the gang's going to Dalton's Slough. They aim to wreck the train and rob its safe and lay it on the strikers . . ."

THAT WAS enough. The whole thing had come clear. The boys did some quick thinking. It was nine miles down the coast to Dalton's Slough. The *Express* was due in the city shortly after midnight. Whatever they did must be done quickly. They could not wire down, because every operator on the line was out on strike. They knew the old engine watchman was keeping a fire in a little old branch-line diamond-stack Eight-wheeler he once had run.

"Have you still got a fire under the *General Joe?*" Ted asked.

"Sure," was the reply.

"How much steam's she got?"

"Enough to move," the old man assured them.

"We want her," Ted said earnestly.

"But—"

"It would take an hour to round up the officials. It would take longer still to get by the red tape of this Army guard. By that time it will be too late. Those devils will have wrecked the *Express* and maybe killed every man on it—" Monkey almost choked. "My dad's in that cab."

"There's no time to talk," Ted interrupted. "We've got to move."

The old watchman tottered over to his Eight-wheeler and unlocked

the chain from the throttle. Ted lined the switches to get off the roundhouse lead. The watchman had already lined them in so Big John and his crowd would not have it to do when they brought in the *Express* tonight.

Ted grabbed a scoop and started stoking. Morgan eased steam into the cylinders. Under cover of the darkness they rolled down upon the passenger station heading for the main.

The place was guarded. Four sentries were posted along the platform. Morgan knew their beats. He knew he dared not stop for them. When he came close to the post he widened the throttle and dragged the whistle. The *General Joe* leaped forward. Her whistle blast ripped the night. The sentry called out:

"Halt! Who goes—"

But the *General Joe* had gone. The soldier whirled and started pumping lead. It carried wide. The men in the cab dodged down. Other soldiers fired point-blank. Their bullets ripped fruitlessly through the cab. The *General Joe* roared by the station and struck the open country.

It was not until the last lights of the city had faded back that the boys became uneasy. Suppose Cardigan had been delirious? Suppose there was no gang waiting to blow the bridge at Dalton's Slough?

"It would sure be prison for us," Ted reckoned. "Five years—ten years—God only knows how long."

Morgan blared on through the fog. He had no time to light the headlight. Ted was glad they did not have a headlight, for it might warn the conspirators.

"You'd better take it easy down here," he suggested. "If those boys ever tumble that there's an engine coming out they'll ditch us sure as fate."

Morgan slowed, shut off, and let the engine roll. A mile from the end of the bridge he stopped. Leaving the tank brake set, the two companions went toward the bridge on foot, proceeding cautiously. They reached the end of the bridge. They were not talking, they were scarcely breathing.

Off to the left, toward the wagon road down the beach, a horse whinnied—a horse which Ross Cardigan had been asked to drive, a horse which tomorrow was destined to be tumbled from a cliff far down the coast. At length they heard an engine whistle. The express was coming.

Ted laid one torpedo on the rail. Monkey jerked the cap off a fusee and lighted it. A headlight loomed through the fog.

BIG JOHN MORGAN and Superintendent Mayes were in the cab, two soldiers with them. When the fusee burned in the night the master mechanic stepped out of the gangway and cautioned the guards:

"Watch out! This may be strikers setting a trap for us."

Ted came within the circle of the headlight.

"It is!" an excited soldier shouted. "It's strikers. I know that guy."

"Well!" demanded the master mechanic. "What is it now?" He glowered at his son, and the son glowered back.

"A gang of your damned—" He used the term by which the striker described his enemy— "crossed up with a conductor called Morpheus and decided to blow you sky high and grab the money you're hauling. They're down there at the bridge!"

An earth-shaking boom interrupted. When its echoes died away, Monkey and Ted completed the explanation. The two officials of the Pacific Coast Lines were not satisfied. Neither were the military guards who had ridden the train to shoot strikers.

Soldiers held the two engineermen while they explored the ruined bridge. They did not release Ted and Monkey until they had found a brake club with Ross Cardigan's blood at the switch shanty, and had found the livery horse dead at the foot of a cliff down by Swivel Beach.

Big John and the super did not apologize. They were not good at apologizing. They went to the office to talk things over. They did not sleep until that memorable Black Friday in July, 1894, was drawing to a close. It became certain then that the strike was broken, not by disloyalty of the men, but by the odds which the Federal Government had arrayed against them. The deadline was past.

LATE that afternoon the officials called their men together. Briefly, Superintendent Mayes reviewed the causes leading to the walkout and the events which had ensued. In an earnest appeal he told them that, due to the loyalty of the men working out of Los Angeles and San Berdoo his superiors had granted him the right to extend the deadline and reinstate all former employees who, within twenty-four hours, would return to service.

"Does that apply to the men who resigned to avoid the injunction?" one asked gravely.

"Yes. That includes everyone who has come to unemployment through the strike."

"What about Ross Cardigan?"

There was a moment of tense silence. The super cleared his throat.

"Mr. Cardigan," he said slowly, "will be taken care of. When he is able to work, if he so desires he will be taken back."

A shout of approval went up. Whether the final move of the officials was due to the action of the three men in saving the *International Express* not one of them knew; but the crowd believed it so, and the rally ended happily.

While the boys were waiting by the door, debating whether to take the offer or reject it, Big John Morgan came striding to them. The ice had melted from his eyes. He laid a hand on the shoulder of his son and on that of the redhead whose life had become entwined with theirs.

"I hope you boys stay on with us; it wouldn't seem quite right running the division—" He broke off abruptly. "By the way, Sharon, I have news for you."

"What is it, sir?"

"I got a message from the head office informing me that you can be reinstated in your old Brotherhood at any time you want to."

Ted's eyes opened wide with joy. Blacklisted no longer. It was almost too good to be true. Now he and his comrades could go back to the "Big Four" and help them carry on where the American Railway Union had left off. The real fight for better working conditions on the railroads had only just begun. ●

# HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

MAYBE I'M wrong, but when you cast off in your buggy on your annual two weeks away from it all, it shouldn't be to "some place or other." I'm quite sure that nearly all railfans start not only with a definite place in mind but have plans for 1976 either in the "all set" now or will be soon. If you folks, especially in the Midwest, are still wondering what to do, why not set your goal for northern Minnesota this summer to visit the Lake Superior Museum of Transportation and Industry in Duluth?

On your way up, or returning, you can take in the National Railroad Museum at Green Bay, the Laona Northern Ry. at Laona, the Mid-Continent Ry. Museum at North Freedom, located 7 miles west of Baraboo, home of the Circus World Museum; the Kettle Moraine Ry. at North Lake, all in Wisconsin, and the Minnesota Transportation Museum's Como-Harriet streetcar line, at Lake Harriet in South Minneapolis.

W hen passenger train service to Duluth ended in 1969, it was feared that the Union Depot, one of the finest examples of French Norman architecture in the U.S., would meet an ignominious end under the blows of the wrecking ball. Instead, the building became a Minnesota Historic Landmark and a National Historic Site. In its busiest times, the Duluth Union Depot served seven railroads, with 50 trains arriving and departing daily. Now, as home of the Lake Superior Museum of Transportation and Industry, the depot and trainsheds shelter a variety of locomotives, passenger equipment, freight and special service equipment, hacks, and memorabilia such as locomotive headlights, bells, marker and switch lamps, old timetables, and maps.

Included in the equipment donated to the museum by Burlington Northern is a famous St. Paul & Pacific engine, the *William Crooks.* Also on display are NP loco No. 1, the *Minnetonka,* on custodial loan; NP engine No. 2345, built during the early 1900s; St. Paul & Pacific passenger and baggage car No. 1 and coach No. 3, both built in 1882; two NP snowplows; NP wrecker No. 38; a 20-ton StP&P boxcar, a NP van, and Canadian National day coach 5375, a reminder of the equipment that once rolled from Canada to Duluth over the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific. There is also DW&P caboose 76923.

THANKS to the Mystic Valley Ry. Society, 100 New England children had a roundtrip bus ride, a train ride on the Edaville, and a tour of the museum there last mid-December. Accompanying them were Society directors John B. Merz, Doris J. Gregory, Marion and Harold Johnson, and Frank Carpenter. The Society is now arranging some interesting 1976 rail trips. Contact MVRS at P.O. Box 32, Mattapan, Mass. 02126.

TOM ROCK writes that the Windsor-Essex Division of Canadian Railroad Historical Association has been formed. Its members will get Tom's editorial prowess in "The Semaphore," published six times a year, devoted to local rail happenings. National CRHA members receive the monthly "Canadian Rail" and free admission to the Association's fine museum just outside Montreal at St. Constant. Adult dues are $4 a year; 18 and under, $2; and national membership, $12. The Division has a lot of action planned. Bob Pedler is president; David Pinnington, first veep; Paul Markou, second veep; Julian Wolfe, secretary; and Ken Annett, treasurer. Contact Tom at 1836 Eastgate Estates, Windsor, Ont., N8T 2T2, Canada.

R.B. NELSON, member of Tom Johnson's East Carolina Chapter of NRHS, was given quite an honor. The North Carolina Transportation Dept. has renamed U.S. 13, from I-95 in Cumberland County to the Virginia border in Gates County, the Robert Bunton Nelson Highway. We can't think of another living railfan so honored; can you?

PREXY MEL OST and a Railroad Enthusiasts committee meeting in Hartford, Connecticut, approved Chesapeake Div. to host the mid-year meeting this summer and Harlem Valley Div. the annual fall outing. Jerry Angier of the 470 Club, Portland Div., reported approval of by-law changes, including clarification that elected officers are members of the Board of Directors and that each division is entitled to a vice president and alternate directors in the same number as directors. Also, the RRE president must be informed of RRE nominees from the divisions 21 days before the annual meeting. Having thundered through these decisions, the clan sat down to the usual roast-beef dinner served by the Hartford Division's Bud Kressleys.

A REQUEST by Robert Iwasyk for info on the Chicago, St. Charles & Mississippi Air-Line Railroad: W.H. Stennett's "Yesterday & Today" gives a short history, but there is some ambiguity about the mileage actually built. Stennett says 10½ miles. Casey and Douglas, in the text of their "Pioneer Railroad," give the same figure, but their appendix shows only 2.75 miles built in 1855 from the Chicago River (at 15th St.) to Ogden Ave. This is after G&CU had acquired the company. The appendix also says the C&NW built a connecting line from South Branch Jct., Chicago, to Ogden Ave. in 1864 (after the C&NW and G&CU had merged). More research is needed on the CStC&M to straighten this out. An echo of the original project remains in the St. Charles Air Line R.R. along 15th St. between the Chicago River and the Illinois Central lake-front tracks, built in 1856 jointly by the G&CU, CB&Q, IC, and MC as a connecting line for interchange.—Charles H. Stats, Chairman of Chicago Chapter, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, 1104 S. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

THE COLORADO Railroad Historical Foundation has purchased all assets of the Colorado Railroad Museum in Golden to insure its perpetuity. The Foundation was formed in 1965 by the museum founders, Robert W. Richardson and Cornelius Hauck, with the ultimate goal of buying the museum. The sale was made possible by a gift to the Foundation by Hauck of $162,000 and $53,000 supplied by the Trustees saved from several years of museum operation and $85,000 from a ten-year mortgage at a Golden bank. Bob remains executive director. As the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club pointed out, the Foundation welcomes new members and can use support for such a worthy cause. Various forms of membership are available. Contact the Museum at P.O. Box 10, Golden, Colo.

RAILFANS in general and Cincinnati fans particularly should like the good offset railroad map of Cincinnati published by Cincinnati Chapter of NRHS. It's 17x22", depicting all major lines, yards, stations, etc., and is current. It sells for 60¢. Send check, money order, or stamps, to Cincinnati Chapter, NRHS, % Ken Stewart, 343 West Galbraith Rd., Apt. 12, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DICK PENNICK, and members of the Pacific Southwest Railway Museum, San Diego, Calif., have cause for rejoicing. Through the efforts of PSRMA member Tom Stephenson, director of Industrial Design, Safety and Human Factors Engineering for Rohr Industries, in Chula Vista, Calif., the museum has been given the bulk of the huge collection of models, mockups, and exhibits in Rohr's Transportation Display Center.

# BOOKS of the RAILS

by Gorton T.H. Wilbur

*THE NORTHERNS, by Jack W. Farrell and Mike Pearsal 248 pages, 8¼x11", hardbound, photos, specs, text, published by Pacific Fast Mail, $20. Available Railroad Magazine Book Service.*

The critical steam railfan can find little fault with this very good book tracing the chronological development of the 4-8-4, beginning with the Northern Pacific class A. Thirty-four interesting chapters follow, liberally using excellent black and white pix, and some very sharp color prints, concluding with the Western Maryland J-1 Potomacs, the last "new" railroad to receive 4-8-4's in 1947. Victor Hand's color of our old favorite, ex-CNR 6218 rolling through the Canadian countryside, is a gem. Northern's were continued to be built through 1950 when N&W received their final three locos.

This locomotive's wheel arrangement represented a well-balanced, multi-purpose steam engine equally at home heading drag, and redball freights, or their unforgettable fast passenger runs. Generally known as Northerns from their origin on the NP, they, as all railfans know, came up with such names as Dixie, Pocano, Niagara, Wyoming, Confederation, Greenbrier, and Potomac. The authors searched hard and long for these splendid photos. The result is a definite outstanding pictorial collection of steam in action moving across our North American rail scene.

*THE WINCHESTER & WESTERN RAILROAD, by Lawrence P. Winnemore, 36 pages, 8½x11", softbound, photos, timetables, maps, rosters, Washington, D.C., Chapter of NRHS, $3. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.*

By 1916 the boom created by World War I had greatly increased the traffic load on American railroads. One road, the Baltimore & Ohio, had to hurriedly expand its sources of obtaining ties, bridge timbers, etc. The mountain land southwest of Winchester, Va., owned in great part by a B&O subsidiary lumber company, plays the leading role in this interesting story of what was probably the only interstate railroad built in the U.S. during that war.

The late Lawrence Winnemore, a valued officer of this NRHS Chapter, witnessed first-hand the building and development of the W&W. His story, with photos, including one of the railbus that ran between Capon Springs and Winchester, is good reading. Through the Chapter's efforts, an old Conn. friend of mine, Harry Libby, NRHS director-at-large, and national director Harry Olmstead, we cannot forget Larry Winnemore's memories of a small pike and its narrow-gage affiliate, the Lost River R.R.

*TRACKING GHOST RAILROADS IN COLORADO, by Robert Ormes, 148 pages, 8½x11", softbound, photos, maps, text, Century One Press, $9.95. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.*

Railfans planning to spend their 1976 vacation in Colorado will find this book a very good guide to currently operating narrow-gage lines and locales of the slim-gage wraiths of yesterday. Whether as a motorist, jeeper, cyclist, hiker, or whatever, if you set out to see what's left of the railroads that rolled across the rising plains and climbed over the mountain barriers, you'll find the detailed maps, some of the finest I've seen. The pix, showing narrow-gage locos and trains, abandoned rights-of-way, jagged mountain cuts, etc., are an added bonus to a nostalgic book.

*NEW YORK & LONG BRANCH R.R. SIGNAL BOOK, reprint, Railroadians of America, Inc., 58 pages, 4x6½", softbound, diagrams, text, $2.50. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.*

Thanks to Warren B. Crater, vice president of the Railroadians of America, a retired Jersey Central engineer, and one of our *Interesting Railfans*, for sending this fine, heavy-paper reprint of NY&LB R.R. 1906 automatic and interlocking signals. Included are track and signal diagrams for the entire railroad and individual interlocking with explanation of all signal indications and rules for their use. As Warren points out, this represents one phase in the development of railway signaling, using the two position, lower quadrant semiphore. Home and distant indications are provided in the block signals. The Railroadians, who are publishing their valuable series, *"The Next Station Will Be . . .,"* are a non-profit association dedicated to the preservation of railroad history and artifacts, and supporting museums and publications. For info on the club contact Warren B. Crater, 270 W. Colfax Ave., Roselle Park, N.J. 07204.

*MARQUETTE, by Cecil Cooke, 240 pages, 6x9", softbound, photos, maps, diagram,s timetable, W and M Press, $5.95. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.*

This is a fine biography of a small Iowa railroad town. If you're looking for the glitter of the *Broadway Limited, Orient Express,* and *California Zephyr,* you won't find it here. The publishers who put out *Grass Between the Rails* and *Prairie Oasis* have another irresistible book on rural railroading.

Marquette is located beside the often-swollen Mississippi River in northeast Iowa's bluff country. Grim flood photos in this book, tell all too well what swirling waters can do to a rail operation. Marquette served two divisions of the Milwaukee, and was on the first all-rail link between the Twin Cities and the Chicago/Milwaukee area. With traffic running north and south along the river, plus east and west across the unique, floating, pontoon bridge that connected the town with Prairie du Chien, Wisc., this was, indeed, a busy terminal. The engines of the narrow-gage Bellevue & Eascode were serviced here, as were the branch lines to Waukon and Elkador. Milwaukee Prairies and Ten-Wheelers have given way to GP30's and H10-44's, but when oldtimers gather, its steamtown Marquette that they talk about, and they're happy for these memories.

## Journals and Railroadiana

RAILFANS will be interested in a major new 21-minute color film of steam power "Down Under" available for purchase or rental. Featuring some of the most realistic footage ever shot of a steam engine in operation, "A Steam Train Passes" is a romantic reminiscence of the C38 class 4-6-2 journeying from its storage roundhouse in Sydney through a re-created trip into the past with a consist of five passenger coaches.

From the opening moments, when only the sound of a mewing kitten breaks the silence of the roundhouse, until the train clugs off into the steam glories of another day, the film's sound track is devoid of human voices. The loco herself talks, whispers, roars, and puffs, with the camera successfully capturing the sights and smells of driving a giant of the past.

A special offer makes two full-color, two-sided posters on the film available with each purchase of rental. Suitable for framing and display, the 16x25" poster is a striking momento of this major film production. Rental fee is $5 for first day, sliding scale thereafter for film. Purchase price is $231 for the 16mm color and sound film in can. Contact Films Officer, Australian Information Service, 636 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020, or call 212 245-4000.

THREE excellent stereo, 331/3, 12" records, "American Freedom Train," "Steel Rails Under

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The books are available only by mail through Railroad Magazine Book Service, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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| NARROW GAUGE PORTRAIT: SOUTH PACIFIC COAST, by Bruce MacGregor | $16.50 | (15.75) |
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| NORFOLK & WESTERN STEAM, by Ronald Rosenberg | $ 6.95 | ( 6.60) |

Thundering Skies," and "A Royal Hudson," are now on the market. AFT features the early trip eastward from Oregon with plenty of good stack talk by Espee 4449. It also includes ex-Reading 2101; lots of rain, thunder, whistles, and other loco sounds by UP 8444, NKP 759, Espee 4449, Sierra 34, and Reader 1702 with helper 11, in "Steel Rails Under Thundering Skies." "A Royal Hudson" presents ex-CPR No. 2880 running in British Columbia. The stereo cab ride is one of the best I've ever heard. Quad/stereo disc $6.98 each, quad/stereo tape, $7.98.

THE TIMETABLE COLLECTOR, edited by Ed Gardner for the National Association of Timetable Collectors; pix, maps, timetables. Regular membership in NATC, $8 per year, sustaining $12; but outside U.S. and Canada, $14. Details from Col. Emory Kemler, treasurer, Box 9616, Roselyn Station, Arlington, Va. 22209. Incidentally, the NATC annual convention will be held Aug. 12-14 at Continental Hotel, Kansas City, Mo. Query Harold Henre, 1302 N. 28th St., Kansas City, Mo. 66102.

THE LENSMEN, Vol. 4, No. 4, May '76, is edited by John R. Taibi (one of our interesting Railfans), 14 pages, softbound, 8½x11", glossy paper with high-quality photos, P.O. Box 486, Brentwood, N.Y. 11717. Published quarterly at $4 annually, Canada $4.75, overseas $5.50. Sample copies and back issues $1. Info concerning photo requirements sent on request. Front cover photo by John, showing D&H U33C/C-628/C-628 lashup pulling 93-car train WR-1 north through Cobleskill, N.Y., sets pace for a good edition. C.W. Jernstrom (another of our interesting Railfans), has an excellent shot of N&W class Ya 2170, taken 38 miles west of Roanoke, Va., shuffling up a stalled drag at Christiansburg in 1954.

CANADIAN RAIL, Canadian Railroad Historical Assn., is a dependable monthly edited by S.S. Worthen, P.O. Box 22, Station B, Montrea, Que., Canada H3B 3J5. Regular membership $12 a year; associate $9, includes 12 issues of *CR* in slick paper covering steam, diesel, and juice roads. Very good photos, too.

THE BULLETIN, Railroad Station Historical Society, edited by Wm. F. Rapp (an interesting Railfan), 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Neb. 68333, photos, maps, diagrams. For $3 a year you can join this fast-growing group and get their fine Bulletin. •

# THE SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 20¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum wordage), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

ROGER ARCARA 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned cameras, sizes 120, 160, 116, 616, for large oblong ngatives; details free.

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FOR SALE 110 different railroad emblem watch fobs, $2.50 each. Tie tacs, key chains, tie clips, $1.75 each. Large belt buckles, $5 each plus 50¢ postage. Send stamp for free list. Dealers write.—Hoovers, 120R Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

OLD STATE and railroad maps: 70 to 110 years old; all states; some old county maps. Send SSE; specify which state—Northern Map Co., Dept. RR, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

COLOR DIESEL SLIDES. Thousands to choose from, representing hundreds of major RR's, shortlines, industries. Constantly expanding inventory from across North America. For current catalog and sample send $1 to Porreca, Box 22, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

TIMETABLES: BUY, SELL, or trade. Send your want or sale list. Collecting Amtrak? Compendium of all Amtrak timetables, 50¢.—Carl Loucks, 199 Wayland St., Hamden, Conn. 06518.

SEND LARGE SSE for list of 100 railroad lanterns. Also switch keys, locks, signs.—Kenneth Palmer, 128 Front St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

THEATER PIPE ORGAN and railroad whistling LP's wanted. Also railroad movies.—Alden Miller, 3212 34th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

WANTED: Original paintings, renderings, drawings, etc., of streamlined trains, especially Loewy, Kuhler, and Dreyfuss designs. Send complete information, including price, size, condition, and photo, if possible, to Edward Swain, P.O. Box 203, Flourtown, Pa. 19031.

"THE GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD," just published, a unique book with a vivid description of the technical details, first-hand reports, and travel manual. Available in paperback from Trans-Siberian Ltd., 315 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108, $3.20 postpaid.

GAF COLOR SLIDES, U.S., foreign, travel, historic, Disney wildlife, space travel, moon landing. Catalog 25¢—Worldwide Slides - R2, 7427 Washburn Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55423.

OLD POSTCARD SCENIC trolley color slides, 1600 items, including duplicates, $1300. Or 400 railroad, $350. Lists of trolleys, $2; railroads, $1.—35-Slides Co., Box 6098-RR, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934.

TEN BICENTENNIAL DIESEL SLIDES, $2.50. Catalog of slide sets and prints with sample, 50¢.—Midwest Photo, Box 965, Keokuk, Iowa 52632.

JONATHAN NELSON, History Dept., Gainesville, Fla. 32611, will buy or trade for anything FEC or Florida. Will sell or trade any RR menus.

SEND LARGE SSE for large list railroadiana, including timetables, magazines, books, booklets, brochures, rule books, passes, misc.—Frank Kingsley, Box 195, Pittsford, Vt. 05763.

SWITCH KEYS: Selling large collection, many roads. Selling other hardware items; locks, oilers, lanterns. List for large SSE.—Gene Price, Box 278, Erwin, Tenn. 37650.

RAILROAD STOCK CERTIFICATES: For sale and wanted in any quantity. Beautiful old certificate and catalog, $2. Ken Prag, Box 431R, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250.

$5 PAID FOR B&W photo, side view, 3"x5", standard-gauge steam locomotives under 40 tons that are for sale. Location, owner, telephone. 1st photo paid, dups.; receive address 1st submission. No agents—2421 Ramsey, Springfield, Mo. 65803.

TELEGRAPH Equipment Collectors: Want an authentic operating telegraph display? The Vaughan Automatic Telegrapher will let your sounder operate from your cassette player. Includes 60 minutes of recorded train orders and messages. $16.99 postpaid or send SSE for details.—Vaughan Specialty Co., 705 N. 8th St., Mt. Vernon, Ia. 52314.

HERE AGAIN! Still seeking old railroad stock or bond certificates. Poor's or Moody's Manuals, junk ticket-dater machines. I swap, too.—Bob Greenwalt, 9239 DeAdalana, Rosemead, Calif. 91770.

JOHNSTOWN TRACTION COMPANY: 72 pages, over 75 photos, 6x9, soft cover history. $5 plus 30¢ for handling.—Ben Rohrbeck, 1003 N. Chester Road, West Chester, Pa. 19380.

BUYING RAILROAD COLLECTIONS and single items. I will buy timetables, brochures, folders, switch keys, passes, guides, cap badges, booklets, posters, books, dining-car items, lanterns, wax-sealers, calendars, signs, miscellaneous items. Single items and small accumulations purchased by mail. Collections picked up anywhere in the country. Write to Fred Arone, 377 Ashford, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.

SALE. Several thousand streetcar and locomotive, etc. black and white negatives; timetables and books etc. on U.S.A. companies. Also large selection of items on African & British railways. SSE for list (reprint of previous list).—Advertiser, Box 566, Soquel, Calif. 95073.

RAILFANS AND HOBBYISTS can buy and sell through free advertising in The Rail & Wheel. Send 50¢ stamps or coins for a current number.—Dave Hull, 3915 Mountview Rd., Upper Arlington, Ohio 43220.

SELLING COLLECTION of 1870s annual passes, switch keys, lanterns, and general railroad hardware. Many roads represented. SSE to Gene DesLandes, 111 Robeson St., New Bedford, Mass. 02740.

TRANSPORTATION photo lists, 1972 Supplement, owed to following who had moved: Capezzo; Cente; Fenks; Gillis; McAlear; Belcher; Camp; Pacansky; Rieder; Siegel; Simmons; Miller. Notify Bennett, 1804 N. Mount St., Baltimore, Md. 21217, of current address.

ORIGINAL KODAK COLOR SLIDES. Georgia RR, A&WP, WofA, Southern, SCL, L&N, FRISCO, IC, ICG, Sandersville, Hanwell, GM&O, other shortlines, industrials. Catalog. Large SSE to Bill Folsom, 5725 Pinebrook Rd., Atlanta, Ga. 30328.

NEGATIVES, 1500 Steam, No Actions. Large SSE for list $1.50. Individual roads 10¢ per page.—F.L. Yeo, 1485 N. Second Ave., Upland, Calif. 91786.

ORIGINAL CNR and CPR steam negative collection for sale. (Also few shortline and industrial plus US steam).—R.B. Donaldson, 621 Roding St., Downsview, Ont., Canada M3M 2A6.

TRANSPORTATION SLIDES/PHOTOS. Traction, railroads, and buses. Send 20¢ for General List—Traction Photographs, 1227 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

WANTED: Builders' and number plates from steam, diesel, electric locomotives. Buy, trade, sell plates. SSE for revised list.—Ron Muldowney, 22 Henry St., Basking Ridge, N.J. 07920.

BOOKS, 425 titles, brass locos, trolleys, cars, 20% discount, Erie Power $18.20, Eastern Steam Pictorial $23, B&O Power $14. SSE list—Eberle, Box 212, Southampton, Pa. 18966.

LONG ISLAND RAIL ROAD commemorative covers, first train New York-Greenport 130th anniversary 1844-1974, $2 each. The following are limited numbered editions: 20th anniversary last steam run New York-Greenport 1955, 10th anniversary last RPO New York-Greenport 1965 each $4.—Greenport Art Studio, Box 425, Greenport, N.Y. 11944.

OMAHA VETERANS: I would like to hear anything you can tell me about the Omaha; when you worked; what your job was—for a book.—Joe Follmar, R.2, Box 82, Amherst, Wisc. 54406.

STEAM PHOTOGRAPHERS: Practically every class 1 railroad in US plus Canada & Mexico. Also a few diesel photographs. Original 620, 616, etc. negatives: SFE, B&O, Milwaukee, Burlington, SOO, IC, Reading, SP, C&S, DM&IR, Wabash, Canadian, BC&G, UP, EBT, loggers. Also 620 color negatives: BC&G, EBT, Burlington, C&S, Shays. SSE, advising specific wants for list by railroad—C.W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Dr., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46825.

CLOCKS. Decorate your den, office, etc., with a unique battery-powered clock in your favorite railroad herald design. Makes a great gift idea. Full colors silk-screened on hard board background approx. size 12x14 inches. Send SSE for list.—Len Beard, Box 112, Wonder Lake, Ill. 60097.

WANTED: Current 1972 or '73 FECRY operating rulebook. Would pay top price or trade current or most recent issue operating rulebook. Many roads, including WM, L&NE, ATSF, B&M, MEC, C&S-B&O Pittsburg & Shawmat, and others.—Frederick Carnes, 185 S. Highland Ave., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

TRADE KODAK ORIGINAL 35mm slides of Rayonier #76 Bicentennial colors for private-owner freight cars, all areas—G. Bolinsky, 435 Alameda Ave., Tacoma, Wash. 98466.

COLOR DIESEL SLIDES, B&W negatives for sale on approval. Most Midwest roads and many industrials. SSE and 50¢ for sample and information.—Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 10715, Kansas City, Mo. 64118.

RAILROADIANA SALE/AUCTION: Lanterns, locks, keys, china, silver (hallow) ware, timetables, rulebooks, railroad hardware, operator's manuals, and assorted paper. Send large SEE (2 stamps) to Auction, Dept. N, Box 4244, Rochester, N.Y. 14611.

OVER 300 Railroad Magazines for sale, 1909-1960, plus other railroadiana for trade. Send SSE—R.E. Ruffell, 2 Victoria Villas, Little Sandhurst, Nr. Camberley, Surrey GU17 8LN, England.

RMS HAS RAILROAD jewelry, including New Haven RR DL-109 as tie bar, scatter pin ($3.50 each), lariat tie or key ring ($4.50 each), available in either gold or silver finish. Send for handy catalog to Replica Mail Specialities, Box 2820, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

FOR SALE: approximately 375 Railroad Magazines. 1941-75; 325 Trains 1941-74. Best offer by May 1. List 50¢—Harold Porter, Rte. 4, Box 59, Cheboygan, Mich. 49721.

WANTED: bound volumes of Railroad Gazette, National Car Builder, other early journals. Also catalogs of suppliers to railroads. State years, condition, price.—J. McGuan, Box 150, Sawyer, Mich. 49125.

SEABOARD COAST LINE schedules Dec. 1970 includes system map. Mint never opened. 75¢ to Loving, 2905 Ernest Rd., Richmond, Va. 23234.

CREDIT VALLEY RAILWAY: "Steam in Ontario" 12e LP stereo $6.95; stock certificates (non-transferrable) 98¢; CVR #1057 engine decals $1.49. Sales list 25¢ free with order.—Sales Dept., Ontario Rail Association, Inc., P.O. Box 64, Brampton, Ont., Canada L6V 2K7.

PUBLIC TIMETABLES, will trade for equal value, large list of many railroads and issues for SSE.—Ron Wolf, 1740 Hilltree Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

WANTED: history, photos, any information on AT&SF caboose #1623, am restoring. Also any

caboose hardware or printed material. Is there a "Caboose Club"?—John Hardy, 1522 E. San Juan, Phoenix, Ariz. 85014.

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HEADLIGHT FOR SALE, New York Central, equipment built by Pyle National, $115 plus shipping.—Dick Aichele, Box 184, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

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FOR SALE: old Michigan Central date nails: 1918, 1925, 1927, 1930, 50¢ each; 12 for $3.50 postpaid.—Ron Cady, Rte. 5, Box 77-F, Cheboygan, Mich. 49721.

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STEAM LOCOMOTIVE name and address rubber stamp, $4.95. Figure only, $2.95. Name and address with your selected drawing, $7.95.—Lawson's Rubber Stamps, Rte. 4-RO, Salem, Ill. 62881.

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ELECTRIC RAILWAY PHOTOS (city and interurban), 1935-1965, from Canada, U.S. and foreign, 30¢ each. Also original diesel slides, mostly U.S. Either list 20¢—Burridge, Box 152R, Dorval, Quebec H9R 4N9, Canada.

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LIONEL MODEL BUILDER MAGAZINE, 52 issues, 1937 to 1949, 6 fair, all others good to excellent, as a group best offer over $50. Trains Magazine Oct. 1959 to June 1966, 44 issues, like new, best offer over $40. Modern Railways, British, March 1967 to Dec. 1971, 43 issues, excellent, best offer over $40.—William E. Hoffman II, 326 E. East Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21224.

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WANTED: Lehigh Valley genuine silver sugar/creamer/coffee pot. Name your price—H.D. Moffitt, 4815 Clover St., R.D. #2, Honeoye Falls, N.Y. 14472.

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CLEVELAND TROLLEYS, INTERURBANS in two books by Harry Christiansen, 320,000 words, 975 pictures, 364 pages, maps. Never a comprehensive work like this. Horse-cars, cables, steam dummies, electrics, interurbans, rapids, trackless trolleys. Exhaustive history tells all—every route detailed, car barns, power houses, complete illustrated roster detailing every car. Shaker Rapid, Lake Shore Electric, Northern Ohio, Cleveland & Eastern; Cleveland, Painesville & Eastern, and much, much more. Going fast. Vol. 2 to 1910, $11.50. Vol. 3, 1910 to present, $12.95. Both 224.45. A must for every railroad library.—Trolley Lore, 11800 Edgewater Dr., Suite 902, Lakewood, Ohio 44107.

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BICENTENNIAL railroad picture postcards, brilliantly colored Freedom Train engines plus other railway units. 28 distinctively different scenes, $2.—Railroad Nostalgia, 5107 Shore Acres Rd., Madison, Wisc. 53716.

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MIKE EAGLESON, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856, sells his revised Bicentennial edition of "Southern Steam Specials," $4.95 ppd.; "Steam on the Anthracite Roads," $6.95 ppd.; "Twilight of World Steam," $14.95 ppd.

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OFFICIAL GUIDES, 1955-59, $20; 1960-64, $15, add $1 each pp. Timetables of the fifties. SSE for list.—E. Kavenagh, 1480 Rte. 46 160A, Parsippany, N.J. 07054.

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WANTED: The following N&W employee magazines: Feb., Sept., Oct., Dec. 1943; Dec. 1944; May, June, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov. 1948; July 1950; Dec. 1959.—Ralph Coleman, P.O. Box 6535, Portsmouth, Va. 23703.

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"NEW YORK STATE RAILWAYS," by Sheldon King; 128-page outline history of trolleys centered at Rochester, Syracuse, Oneida, Utica; 170 photos, 9 maps, rosters, paperbound, $9 postpaid (New Yorkers, sales tax, please).—Whitehall Mail Service, 109 E. First Street, Elmira, N.Y. 14901.

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THE CHARLESTON CHAPTER NRHS/SC Railway Museum plans to restore its 1927 Baldwin steam locomotive No. 44, a4-6-0 formerly owned by the Hampton & Branchville RR. of S.C. It is hoped to place the 44, plus some vintage coaches, in operation for Bicentennial and future operations. Your help is needed. Please send your tax-free donations to Engine 44, P.O. Box 3951, Charleston, S. C. 29407.

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ERIE-LACKAWANNA PHOTOS and slides. Send $2 (refundable)—Gary Puzio, P.O. Box 3313, Wallington, N.J. 07057.

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MAP GUIDE to West Coast Short Lines. Maps and information give exact location of over 50 short, belt, and industrial lines. 8½x11 booklet $2.75—Guide, 1145 Bedford St., Fremont, Calif. 94538.

# Coming Events

(No charge for listing in this section)

April 23-May 9: Bicentennial Vignettes. Round trip by rail from L.A. to East Coast, visiting historical points in Va. and Pa. Dutch Country by special bus. Pacific RR Society, P.O. Box 2274, Mission Viejo, Calif. 92675.

April 23-25: Yosemite Valley Sojourn. Amtrak to and from Merced, Calif. Shay on 4-mile trip. Two nights Yosemite Lodge. May 14-16: Super Skunk train-Northern Calif.-Trinity Alps. May 22-23: Sacramento River boat excursion. Return from overnight stay through locks, view historic levee towns. June 19-27: Black Hills-Mt. Rushmore tour. Amtrak to Cheyenne, Wyo., special buses, Black Hills Central steam train ride. Return Bay Area Amtrak from Ogden, Utah. Contact James Weinberger, tour director, Pacific Coast Chapter, R&LHS, 2539 Hopkins Ave., Redwood City, Calif.

April 24-25: Steam Bicentennial Rails to Rockets, Chattanooga, to Space Museum, Huntsville, Ala., behind 4501. Lv. Chattanooga Food Terminal, 8:30 a.m., return 7 p.m. each day. Observation car Lookout Mountain on rear. Adults $17.95, kids 5-12, $13.95. All seats reserved. Details from Tennessee Valley RR. Museum, Box 5263, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37406.

April 25: Bicentennial trolley car trip on SEPTA-Red Arrow Div. with 80-series car covering Media and Sharon Hill lines, Philadelphia. Lv. 69th St. Terminal 1 p.m., return about 5 p.m., photo stops. Reservations needed. Adults $6, kids $3. Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

April 26-27, May 4: steam train one-way trips from several Alabama locations. Reasonable adult and children fares. North Alabama Railroad Club, P.O. Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

April 30-May 2: annual R&LHS meeting hosted by Southern Calif. Chapter at Anaheim. Visit Chapter's famed steam loco collection in Pomona; plantation loco operation; Knott's Berry Farm visit and train ride. Speakers, luncheon, board of director's meeting, Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim. Contact Wm. B. Fletcher, 7515 Yankey St., Downey, Calif. 90242.

May 1-2: Annual Rail Road Buffs Assn. convention, Philadelphia. SEPTA, Red Arrow trips, banquet, speaker. Info from Robt. Epstein, 117-14 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415.

May 1-2: annual Tri-State Chapter, NRHS, railrbad antiques and model rr. sale and show, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Dover Sr. High School, just off Rte. 15, Dover, N.J. Over 50 door prizes, refreshments available. Adults $1, kids 50/. Contact Tom Nemeth, NRHS, 210 Perrine Ave., Piscataway, N.J. 08854.

May 1: explore Toronto by 50-year-old Peter Witt trolley, $30 incl. CNR rail round trip from Windsor, Ont. $5 trolley trip only. Lv. Windsor 6:55 a.m., return 11:30 p.m. Details from Tom Moisan, Michigan RR. Club, 18210 East Warren Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48224.

May 1: Dayton, Ohio, trolley-bus fantrip using RTA's seasonally decorated trolleys. Lv. Western Ave. barns 10 a.m., return 5 p.m., $7. Barns open 8-10 a.m. for pix. SSE to Dayton-Miami Valley Chap. NRHS, 727 McCleary Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

May 1-22: South African Steam Safari; 3-week tour sponsored by Central Coast Chapter, NRHS; 3000 miles by rail, incl. Blue Train, steam centers. Air, train, hotels, most meals, approx. $1725 from New York, $1895 from San Francisco. Info from Steam Safari, Central Coast Chapter, NRHS, P.O. Box 8407, San Jose, Calif. 95155.

May 8: Conway Scenic RR. and North Conway Depot Model RR. Club open house and exhibits at depot 10 a.m.-6 p.m., North Conway, N.H. Model rail exhibits, displays, tours through restored and semi-restored cars, food sale. CS running round trips to Conway behind diesel loco No. 15; adult trips $2, kids $1.

May 8: tripleheader on Pine Creek RR. behind 2-6-2 No. 26, Shay No. 6, and 4-4-OT Lady Edith, Allaire, N.J., with Bicentennial fete in village. Admission to park and village $1.25. Train fare 50¢. Details from N.J. museum of Transportation, Box 622, Farmingdale, N.J. 07727.

May 15: 8th annual PRR Technical & Historical Society meeting Penn-Alto Hotel, Altoona, Pa., beginning 1 p.m., meeting room opens 10 a.m.; discussion, illustrated talks, slides, Pennsy movies. Registration fee $14 incl. banquet. Contact Elmer M. Steuernagel, 515 Miranda Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15241.

May 15-16; 22-23: ex-Reading 2102 leaves P&LE Terminal, Pittsburgh, Pa., 9:30 a.m., return 5:45 p.m. each day on Monongahela Div. trip; open window, reclining seat cars, snack car, photo run-bys. Adults $19.50, four for $69, senior citizens $16.50, family fare plans. State dates and coach type to Allegheny RR. Co., Box G, Akron, Ohio 44305.

May 16: National Assn. of Timetable Collectors Spring Bourse, The Showboat Inn, Steamboat Rd., Greenwich, Conn., 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; timetables (public and empl.), rule books, operating manuals, switch keys, lanterns, other railroadiana. Info from Frederick Carnes, 185 S. Highland Ave., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

May 16: Suffolk County Model RR. Engrs. allgage meet, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., K. of C. Hall, Hawthorne Ave., East Islip, N.Y. Buying, selling, trading model trains, other railroadiana. Adult registration at door $2, kids under 12 free; 8-ft. tables available $5 each. Write Ed Jablonsky, 25 Race Pl., Oakdale, N.Y. 11769.

May 16: C&NW charter trip to Lombard Lilac Festival; June 25: C&NW charter trip to Swedish Days Festival in Geneva. Contact Blackhawk Chapter, NRHS, P.O. Box 455, Aurora, Ill. 60507.

May 22-23: 3rd annual railfan's weekend celebrating 15th year of steam operation; additional equipment to run; photo stops, run-bys. Write Steamtown Foundation, P.O. Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101.

May 22: reopening of Canadian Railway Museum, Toronto, at Spadina Quay at Harborfront; open weekends, holidays until Labor Day, also special arrangement. New displays for National Transportation Week beginning May 29.

May 29-30: one-time-only two-day excur. on Green Bay & Western. First day, Winona, Minn., to Merrillan, Wisc., 132 miles. Adults $20, kids $12.50. Second day, Winona to Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc., $32.50. Two-day special discount, $45.50. All fares $5 additional after May 20. Contract trip director, Northstar Chapter, NRHS, P.O. Box 16478, St. Paul, Minn. 55116.

All fares $5 additional after May 20. Contract trip director, Northstar Chapter, NRHS, P.O. Box 16478, St. Paul, Minn. 55116.

May 29-31: Denver to Salt Lake City via D&RGW Rio Grande Zephyr, return Denver over UP and Amtrak's San Francisco Zephyr; Mormon Choir broadcast, tour a copper mine. Bus to Ogden, Utah. Info from Colorado Midland Chapter, NRNS, P.O. Box 824, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901.

May 30: Bicentennial trolley trip on the Greater Regional Transit Authority, Cleveland, Ohio. Lv. Cleveland Union Term. 12:30 p.m., return about 6 p.m. using ex-St. Louis Public Service PCC, photo stop. Adults $7, kids $3.50. Query Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

June 20: fifth annual Roaring Twenties day; music, antique Fords, tractors at National Capital Trolley Museum, north of Wheaton, Md. Contact Robt. Flock, 1909 Forest Dale Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20903.

July 4: Bicentennial trolley trip on MBTA-Boston, Mass. Lv. Reservoir carbarn 12 noon, return about 6 p.m. on red, white and blue PCC car, photo stops. Adults $10, kids $5. Reservations from Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

## Pen Pals Wanted

(No charge for listing in this section.)

Miss Letecia Beltran (age 23), 77-D Jakosalem St., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, student, single, pretty, Roman Catholic, 5'7", 110 lbs., enjoys reading pocketbooks, dancing, swimming, cooking.

Miss Margaret J. Franklin (age 57), 29200-70 R3 CR20W, Elkhart, Ind., 46514, nurse of surgery, likes travel, gardening, wants mature pen pal of about same age.

Paul M. Mazlarz (age 24), 16 Clinton St., Pawtucket, R.I. 02861, will correspond with anyone interested in Providence & Worcester RR.

Miss Concordia F. Ferrater (age 37), 31 J.M. Basa St., Cebu City 401, Philippines, interested in swimming, badminton, sweet music.

Andre Robiot (age 13), 4 Rue Colonel Picard, 21000 Dijon, France, son of rr. maintenance worker, interested in modelmaking, swimming, music will correspond in English or French with other sons of rr. employees.

Miss Myrha S. Lasala, 890-D Jakosalem St., Cebu City 6401, Philippines, single, short, slim, and beautiful, business secretary, likes novels, movies, cooking, swimming, bowling, promises to answer all mail.

Anton Blickman, 17 Palamedesstraat, Haarlem, Netherlands, workshop employee, likes to take pictures of sea birds, collects New Orleans and other traditional jazz records, will correspond with anyone having comparable hobbies.

Miss Mahife Ong (age 16), 100 Ahjem Stahl, Freedom Park, Cebu City 4601, Philippines, medium height, slim, and pretty, enjoys singing, sports. She writes: "I will be most happy if you include me as a pen pal." •

Long Island R.R. GP-38-2 No. 252 with Bicentennial colors at Morris Park on Feb. 8, 1976. Russell Ottens, 9 Fordham St., Valley Stream, N.Y.

# TRACKSIDE in the DIESEL AGE

by Jim Edmonston

THE LONG ISLAND has begun taking delivery of its 22 new GP-38-2's from EMD, marking the first General Motors units on its roster, although it has been using some leased Geeps lately. When the first new engines were delivered in late January, they proved too tall to clear the platform roofs over tracks 4, 6 and 7 at Jamaica Station. An "engineering error" at EMD had produced stock units with a normal-sized paper air filter box on the roof. This box was shortened and the corners angled in to provide clearance, making them unique in the world of GP-38's.

Many readers sent us reports of this incident, proving once again that LIRR operates in a virtual fishbowl, with every move being watched. According to John J. Killbride, 30 Massachusetts Ave., Bellerose, N.Y. 11426, the new units are 250-271 and are painted gray and blue, except for 252, with Bicentennial colors. The basic scheme is dark blue with two wide, sweeping white stripes. The large "M" of the MTA appears high on the long hood, just ahead of the air intake grill. Very small lettering beneath it reads "Long Island." The number is just ahead of the "M." An ACI identification plate is roughly halfway back on the hood sides.

The Bicentennial unit will power a "traveling museum' train sponsored by the Nassau County Bicentennial Commission. The new locos have no steam generators but supply electricity for heating and cooling units on the new cars, which run on electricity rather than steam. According to David Pfeiffer, 8402 165th St., Jamaica, N.Y. 11432, twenty-two of the older Alco C-420's will be sold; but the eight C-420's, built in 1968-'69, will be retained, because they have steam generators, which must be used with the remaining steam-heated cars. Both the converted Alco FA power cars and the MP 85 MU cars which have been converted for push-pull service with the new Geeps.

Except for two GE 25-ton shop switchers, LIRR has been all-Alco since the demise of the F-M CPA-20-5 and CPA-24-5 units. Russell Ottens, 9 Fordham Street, Valley Stream, N.Y. 11581, says this Alco era has ended. He fears for the older Alcos on the property, such as S-1's and RS-1s. Numbers of the C-420's which will be leaving are 200-221.

CHESSIE SYSTEM on Feb. 18th restricted all SDP-40F units to top speed of 50 mph, which prompted Amtrak to replace the four units assigned to Chessie with older E-8's and E-9's. This action was the direct result of two derailments in January of the James *Whitcomb Riley,* one at Shandon, Ohio, and the other at Huntington, W. Va. Furthermore, the *Riley* had jumped the track at Huntington a year ago.

The Shandon wreck, in which 8 cars rolled down a 15-foot embankment, causing $140,000 damage, was officially laid to a "broken rail." The *Cincinnati Enquirer* dished out some adverse publicity for three days straight. Then came the second Huntington incident, and Chessie people took it out on the "rough-riding" SDF-40F's. In both cases, rail damage was discovered. But did the locomotive damage it before or after derailing?

Chessie people have faith in their track conditions. All Chessis track I have seen in this area looks good to me. There are no sections of 10 mph freight limits, as on competing lines. This action caused consternation at both Amtrak and EMD. What effect it will have on power for the *Mountaineer,* the Norfolk-Catlettsburg train which connects with the *Riley* but operates over N&W, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, E's ran through my home city of Cincinnati on the *Riley,* including even an E-8B, the first I've seen in many moons.

DELAWARE & HUDSON should have all 8 Morrison-Knudsen rebuilt RS-3's back as you read this, with new chopped noses. Also, 20 new GP-39-2's are expected by March, marking the first time D&H has gone with EMD power since the 1967 SD-45's, which it traded to Erie Lackawanna for GE U-boats. So, EMD salesmen can celebrate getting two hard-sell accounts; D&H and Long Island.

TWO EXPECTED major takeovers are reportedly off. Chessie System, which moved in on EL east of Akron, abandoned the plan when the EL Operating Union refused to accept Chessie's rules changes. Also, Southern has decided against the DelMarVa Division of Penn Central, the line from Wilmington, Del., to the southern tip of the Virginia Peninsula, for reasons unreported. It is assumed both properties will now go ConRail. However, changes are possible before you read this.

WHO WILL BE the first to operate EMD's new GP-15-1, officially called the "Geepet" by *X2200 South's* staff? The new model is aimed at recapturing the trade lost to the rebuilders, and follows the sales line that "a rebuilt locomotive is still basically an old locomotive." GP-15-1 is rated at 1500 hp, usable on branch or main lines (240,000 lbs. weight). It looks like a standard chopped-nose GP-35, 38, or 40 until you see the new "tunnel-style" rear air-intake arrangement.

Missouri Pacific has an order in. So does Chicago & North Western. I hear from Mike Guss, 1424 First St., Brookings, S.D. 57006, that CNW will get 25 of the new units, starting this June, to be numbered 4400-4424. CNW is trading in F-3 and F-7 units on them. So far, these units are gone: 221 (CNW 4051-A), 223 (CNW 4053-A), 224 (CNW 4054-A), 267 (CNW 4079-A), 254 (ex-MKT), 256 (ex-MKT), 258 (ex-MKT), 259 (ex-MKT), and 247 (ex-FEC). 25 older units will be traded for 25 new, leaving CNW's unit total at 946.

ANYBODY want to buy a classic EMD E-6A? Dick McKinley of Denver, Colo., will sell Seaboard Coast Line (ex-ACL) E-6 501, according to the Toronto *Globe and Mail.* He wants to see her put back in service, so apparently her prime movers and traction motors are intact. According to the photo, she looks good externally, painted in SCL colors. No address given; contact Dick through the newspaper.

REPUBLIC STEEL has a Bicentennial SW-900 working at their Chicago plant. James R. Washausen, 922 Greenbay Ave., Calumet City, Ill. 60409, sent in an official photo of 141, built in 1956.

MORE WRECKS. Besides the two *Riley* derailments I have mentioned, Chessie System is having a rough 1976. In Illinois, a woman committed suicide by throwing herself in front of the westbound *Gateway.* Then a westbound freight hit a camper loaded with 16 children at Bentleyville. Two crewmen were killed and one injured at New Martinsville, W.Va., on Jan. 27th when a freight bound for Wheeling slammed into a standing train in the Brooklyn Yard near there. Chessie also had trouble with a unit grain train derailing in the wye at Piqua, Ohio. Another freight took out the diamond at Erie Jct. in Lima, Ohio, disrupting trains of both Chessie and EL, not to mention N&W which operates over Chessie at this point.

Chessie isn't alone in the wreck business. PC suffered a "cornfield meet" near Wauseon, Ohio, which killed four crewmen. A westbound and an eastbound freight collided. They were operating—astoundingly—on one of two main tracks! Then PC dumped a freight in downtown Cincinnati, which caused much concern because an empty ACFX tank car was involved. Maybe there should be a monthly tabloid covering wrecks only.

JOHN M. GIBBONS wants slides of any roundhouse or turntable you can get, especially at the Huntington, W.Va. (C&O) facility, hopefully showing steam locos stored behind it. He lives at 615 Arbor Rd., Cheltenham, Pa. 19012.

Which brings to mind two reports: an eye-witness says the C&O H-6 (Baldwin 2-6-6-2 "pocket Mallet") that was kept in Huntington Shops is gone. Reports say she's in line for a job on the Greenbrier RR, that runs between Ronceverte and Cass. Is that too good to be true, John Killoran?

Also moved is N&W Y-3 2050, used for years as a steam boiler (portable) at Armco Steel, Middletown, Ohio. The old USRA 2-8-8-2 was to go to the Illinois Railway Museum at Union if money could be raised. Evidently she has been shipped, as PC moved her from Armco's lot. Is her condition as bad as it looked all these years?

JOHN KIMBALL, 1128 S. Urbana St., Tulsa, Okla. 74112, says his area is good for F-unit seekers. In Tulsa-Oklahoma City location, they can be found on MKT and ATSF. At El Reno, Okla., the Rock Island has F's in use on mainline freights and in storage, including some F-3A's still in Union Pacific paint and Rock Island F-7A 117 in original RI scheme. The Katy also runs 80-A, an FP-7, possibly their last F-unit in maroon and white. John also reports seeing Rock GP-7's 4426-27 in the new "ROCK" blue paint.

GOOD NEWS on the Bangor & Arrostook! Business is up again. BL-2's 50, 52, 54, and 55 are back in service, with 51 and 56 to follow. Accoring to W. Macdonald, 48 Dillingham St., Bangor, Me. 04401, the welcome upswing has caught the BAR a little short of power. BL-2 57 is in poor shape and may be scrapped, following 53 as the only two BAR BL-2's to be retired. Bill also says the BAR is taking a hard look at Maine Central's new U-18B's, but MEC reports show problems with valves and heads on these engines. BAR is interested in GE's, due to their fuel economy.

J.E. SIMPKINS, 102 Caldwell Ave., Tiffin, Ohio 44883, reports that as a result of his address appearing in this column he has had considerable mail, most of it asking for info or items from the Chicago Division of B&O, where he works. He wishes each one would include SSE for a reply. Fans wanting B&O items should write to the B&O Museum Gift Shop, Pratt and Poppleton Streets, Baltimore, Md. 21223. For photos, contact Bob Lorenz, 1939 Whittaker Dr., Fremont, Ohio 43420. Al Stauffer has re-issued his great *B&O Power* book. Mr. Simpkins wonders why some people say the B&O operated SD-45's and DD-40's. The reason is that there are such units in HO gauge lettered B&O. Largest diesel ever owned by B&O is SD-40.

A WELL-DONE newsletter called *Hiball,* published by PC employee Joe Jack, P.O. Box 136, Ambridge, Pa. 15003, is full of current news about PC and neighboring roads. It reports that ConRail's new paint scheme will be "same paint scheme as PC but with ConRail logo and different lettering." That's stretching a point, calling solid black a "paint scheme." Meanwhile, PC goes right along repainting locos and applying new PC logos, as was done to Geep 7775 at Pitcairn, Pa., last December. ConRail will thus obliterate "circus colors" on the Lehigh Valley, also the truly beautiful Erie Lackawanna scheme.

PC has not forgotten 1976, although there are no Bicentennial locos. At Conway, shop forces have a "Spirit of 76" sign in place, and at Collinwood a 5-car wreck train is red, white, and blue, although the "hook" is black. Rumors are still circulating that even a GG-1 will be red, white, and blue, but Amtrak 921 is the only example of Bicentennial fever so far.

Joe says six big Alcos (C-628's and C-630's) were transferred out of Mingo Jct. in late November and put in coal train service out of DeCoursey, Ky., to Chicago. I have seen a few of these intermittently; they are used with EMD and GE power, very seldom in the lead.

C-636 No. 6330 went to Collinwood Shops on a flatcar, final disposition uncertain. She had been creamed in the fatal Leetenia, Ohio, wreck late last year. PC doings in Cincinnati these days include an F-7 now and then. I understand that most of the 55 units formerly stored in Cleveland are back in operation. H. Buckley of Kensington, Md., hears reports the ConRail will scrap all electrics except E-60's and Metroliners, which would include GG-1's, E-44's, E-40's, etc. He says numerous PC freights into Potomac Yard are powered by diesels, and has seen many of those scattered Alco C-628's recently. Also, more than a few GP-30's. The Alco RS-3's are handling switching in the Washington, D.C., area, along with an ex-NYO&W NW-2.

Western Maryland units are becoming more and more common on the B&O in Ohio. Seen in mid-February were GP-35's 3576 and 3577. On Feb. 26th B&O's eastbound *Manhattan* had a black and yellow WM F-7B as third unit. Tim Loutzenhiser, 500 S. Walsh, Garrett, Ind. 46738, saw WM F-7 No. 58 on Feb. 20th and chop-nosed GP-7 No. 20 on the 21st. Two weeks ago, the trainsheet at New River tower in Hamilton, Ohio, carried a Western Maryland 52" southbound—one of WM's original F's, a rebuilt F-3A So the F-unit era lives on in Chessie territory, although all B&O and C&O F units are gone.

ACCORDING to Jerome Rosenfeld, 133 Dulles Dr., Dumont, N.J. 07628, who edits *PC Railfan,* news of the New York-New Jersey area, which is heavy this month, includes PC U-30B No. 2859 was seen in Dumont, N.J., in mid-January. This unit is one of the two (other is 2858) U-30B's with a U-33-style radiator assembly, delivered to the New York Central as the same numbers. Plates read 3000 hp U-30B, but they look like U-33B's.

PC has modified four "Cosmopolitan" M-2 cars, making them non-revenue catenary test cars. These are equipped with roof-top cameras that transmit catenary views to a TV screen inside the car, where crews can spot any defective catenary or other problems. The cars run on the New Haven Division between Woodlawn Jct. (Bronx) and New Haven, making one trip per week on all four electrified tracks. Amtrak E-60CP No. 950 was seen Jan. 23rd on an eastbound passenger train crossing over the EL yards in Secaucus, N.J., in obvious "revenue service" (not testing). Jerry adds that Long Island Alco C-420 No. 224 is in Bicentennial colors.

WILL the New York, Susquehanna & Western ("Susie Q") go out of business on April 1 as reported? It is currentlyoperating two RS-1's (238 and 240) and three low-nosed GP-18's (1800, 1802, and 1804). USRA (ConRail is undecided about the line as yet, but the track is restricted to 10-15 mph. If

Republic Steel Co. SW-900 No. 141 at their Chicago plant in January, 1976, with red, white, and blue colors, and thirteen stars. Republic Steel photograph

ConRail does get the Susquehanna, they will renumber the GP-18's 7484-7486. No mention made of the RS-1's. The NYSW currently operates 60 miles from Edgewater (Jersey City) to Butler, N.J., with branches to Lodi and Passaic, N.J.

I LEARN from A. Kozub, 647 Lincoln Ave., Woodbridge, N.J. 07095, that two Penn Central E-40c's, numbered 4973 and 4977 (ex-NH EP-5's), were in semi-regular service in his area as of the first week of February, on trains N-12 and N-13 between Morrisville, Pa., and Newark, N.J., and also on trains A-1 and A-2 between Morrisville and Old Bridge, N.J. Additionally, he hears rumors that 4975 may be back in service. D.J. Egan, 27 W. Pine St., Enola, Pa. 17025 (what a great place for a railfan to live), sent in photos taken Feb. 3rd which show 4977 on the ready track at Harrisburg, and numbers 4974, 4971, 4976, and 4975 in dead storage there. He says the stored units were in need of work, but doubts that 4971 will ever run again, having been the subject of that much-publicized fire in New York City. Anybody seen 4975 in action lately?

GOOD OLD EPA (Environmental Protection Agency) announces a new standard to reduce noise levels in all locomotives built after 12/31/79. This will relax the 1974 standard that would have required all units in interstate service to be equipped with mufflers by 1980, with an estimated cost to the railroads of 60 to 120 million dollars. The annual cost of the new regulation is estimated at 4.6 to 4.75 million. The EPA estimates that under the new regulation, it will take the railroads 25 years to replace all old units with quieter locomotives.

The residents of New York City and Reston, Va., living close to JFK and Dulles airports, won't really notice this. Their hearing will already have been impaired by Concorde aircraft flights. I suppose I'll see the day when stereo records of the last trip of an SDP-40F will be collector's items. You won't be allowed to play such health hazards as "Thunder on Blue Ridge" or 4501 tapes.

ROBERT CLARK, 303 Fantasy Court, North Port, Fla. 33595, adds Missouri Pacific to the list of Bicentennial units. He shot MP 1776 and 1976 running with SP 4-8-4 No. 4449 through McNarry, Texas, on Feb. 6th. I learn from Bil Graves, 1513 Crestwood Lane, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514, that the Seaboard Cost Line bought the Durham & Southern in early February, knocking off another Carolina short line.

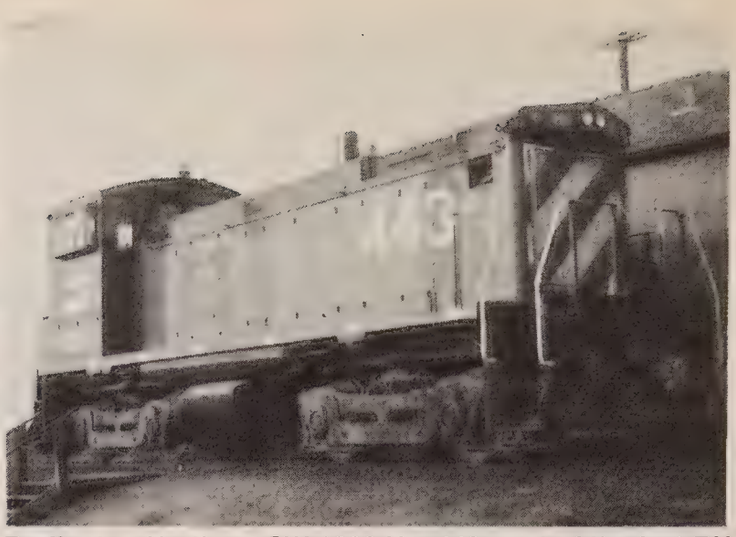
GENERAL ELECTRIC is offering a new model, U15BQ, with 1500 hp and a "crew quarters" cab to eliminate cabooses. It will compete with GP-5-1 and rebuilds, Trade-ins of RS-3's and GP-7/9's are solicited. No orders yet.

AS A FOOTNOTE to the Chessie System's recent restrictions on the DSP-40F's, the Charlottesville (Va.) *Daily Progress* carried a story with a fine photo of SDP-40F 544 and E-8 213, which told of a five-day discontinuance of the Charlottesville-Newport News section of the *Riley.* The regular loco, an E-8, was pulled off to replace the SDP's on the Washington-Cincinnati section, leaving the eastern Virginia segment to bus service only.

Regular operation was resumed on Feb. 19th with E-8's rushed in by Amtrak from other areas. Amtrak spokesman Jim Bryant was quoted as defending the use of the SDP-40F's. He referred to the E-8 as "an antiquated diesel engine." Remember when EMD spokesmen used that word in speaking of Hudsons, Mountains, Pacifics, and Mallets? Somehow, there's justice in that, but it still hurts to hear a classic E-8 being called "antiquated." My thanks to Ed Joachim, 135 Stribling, Charlottesville, Va. 22903, for this clipping.

MARK SUBLETTE, 217 Country Club Rd., Shalimar, Fla. 32579, was lucky enough to catch what might have been the last operating Alco RS-3 on the Southern last Dec. 6th in Greenville, S.C. The 6210X had been pulled out of the storage line at Inman (Atlanta) and sent to Greenville for insurance photos. She had hit and killed a woman at Taylor, S.C. (8.4 miles north of Greenville on the mainline) some nine months before. She was idling in the fuel area when Mark saw her; no idea if she worked over from Atlanta or back. She was built in Feb. 1962.

Interlake Steel SW-1000 No. 17 shows old-style cab, friction-bearing trucks, two long louvres, and triangular bulge under forward sand fills. Locomotive was brand new when photo was made at La Grange, in October, 1974. Interlake uses her at the Chicago plant. Photograph by Jim Panza



Burlington Northern SW-1000 No. 443, part of the last BN order, shows no changes from the first Chicago, Burlington & Quincy group, except for the "gumball machine" flasher on the cab roof. The EMD locomotive is shown idling at Lincoln, Neb., in December '71.

Photograph by Dick Schmeling

TWO NEW publications came in the mail, both featuring Alco PA's. *The PA Book,* Vol. 1 of The Railroading Series, is edited by William S. Young, one of *Railroad Magazine's* "Interesting Railfans" and published by Starrucca Valley Publications. This is a "supermagazine" format, soft-bounds, with 52 pages of beautiful photography, mostly by J.J. Young and Dick Allen. The entire volume is D&H, in observance of the centennial of Albany-Montreal passenger service. D&H's on again-off again passenger trains are covered chronologically, with remarks from President Sterzing, road foremen, engineers and crew giving the impression that "We're proud to be operating this train."

The locomotives features are D&H four ex-ATSF PA-1's. A full-color cover of Nos. 17-18 ready to leave Montreal with the first southbound Adirondack is worth the price of the book—$4. The last four pages cover the other strangers on D&H—the Baldwin Sharks. "The Railroading Series" is published twice a year, $4 per volume, by Starrucca Valley Publications, Lanesboro Rd., Starrucca, Pa. 18462. The quality we've come to expect from Bill Young leaps at you from this fine effort.

CHATHAM PUBLISHING CO., 1012 Oak Grove Ave., P.O. Box 283. Burlingame, Cal. 94010 has introduced a new series entitled *Diesels of the Espee.* Vol. 1 covers Alco PA's. This 112-page hard-cover book was compiled by Roger M. Cortani, with text by Gordon Lloyd, Jr., and Joseph A. Strapac. It's an Alco fans dream come true. You see PA's of SP, T&NO, and Cotton Belt in all phases of paint and activity.

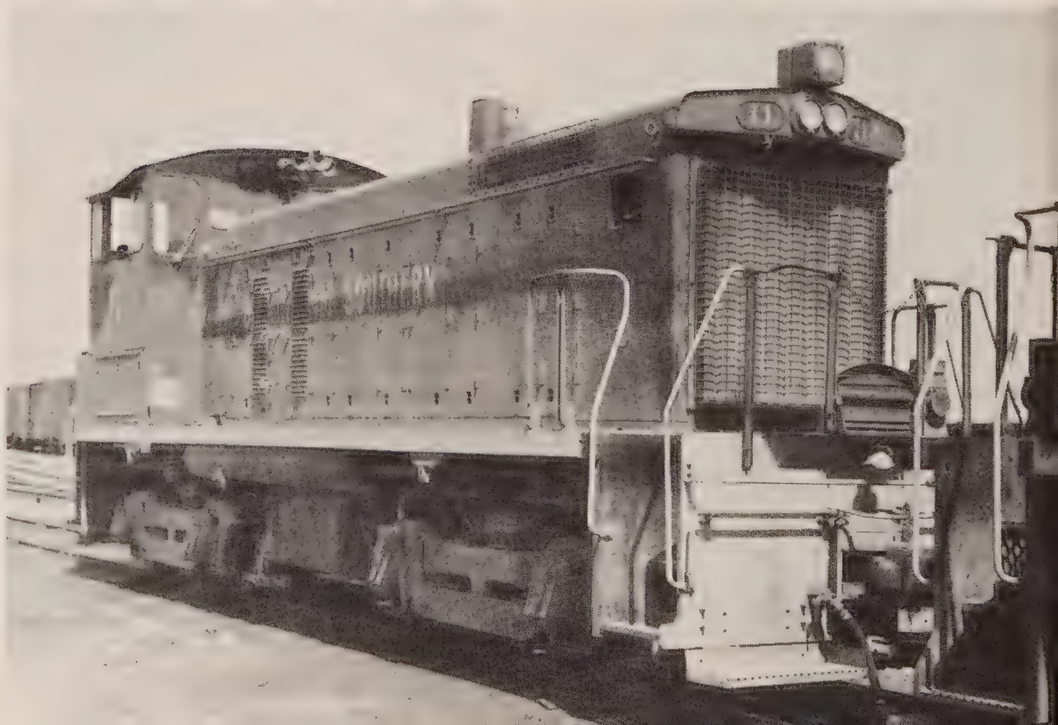
SP owned 53 A units and 13 B's, compared with 28 EMD E-units. PA's came in 1948 and the last was retired in 1967. This book has examined that span in detail, with fine action photos, builder's views, drawings, a roster, and information on upgrading and paint schemes. A color cover painting showsPA-1 6007 with the *Shasta Daylight* in the snow, resplendent in original *Daylight* paint scheme. This book, with more than 60 first-class photos, sells for $12.85 and is obtainable at a discount from Railroad Magazine Book Service. It's a striking tribute to a fine locomotive and a fine railroad. Since this is but Volume One, what will Chatham do to equal it?

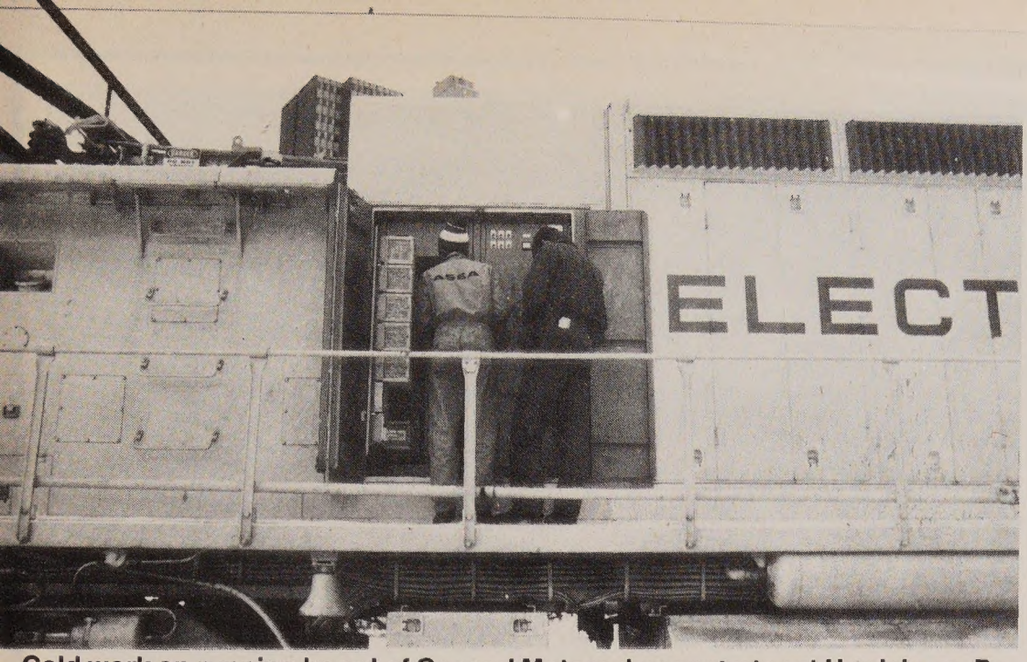
CANADIAN NEWS find CP Baldwin road-switchers 8009-8010 cut up at Ogden Shops in January, RS-18 8746 was hit by a truck while plowing snow at St. Marys. Train 151 with RDC's 9306-9069 hit an automobile and killed four people at Cap de la Madeleine in February, CP's RDC's are in extremely short supply due to crossing accidents: seven units, plus the two mentioned, are now in repair shops.

New SD-40-2's 5758-5761 were delivered in early February. D&H has leased ten CP Rail Alcos, seven RS-3's and three RS-10's, plus three United Ry. Supply RS-3's, 15, 16, 17. These units are being put back into action at St. Luc, most have not run since April, 1975.

Canada is in the throes of passenger blues. The Canadian Transport Commission will get the job of deciding which runs to keep and which to cut. It still looks as though *The Canadian* will

Birmingham Southern SW-1000 No. 11, in Birmingham, Ala., March '70, is one of five SW-1000's scrapped. She was in the July '73 tragedy that took five lives at Short Creek, Ala. Extra headlight is BS addition. Note AAR Type-A friction-bearing trucks. Later BS got flexicoils.






Cold work on running board of General Motors demonstrator at Harrisburg, Pa., February 7, 1976.
Brad Joseph, Covered Bridge Lane, Fairview Heights, Ill. 62203

be the transcontinental train with the *Super Continental* coming off. This will be in 1977 or 1978. CNR will feed passengers to *The Canadian,* many branch-line services will be cut, but the Quebec City-Windsor corridor will get new runs and new government-bought equipment.

Here's a blow: CP moved its Toronto Yard 12 miles out of town years ago to "get away from the neighbors." Now the suburbs have grown up around it, and the Scarboro City Council wants CP to quit "marshaling trains at night" so as not to disturb sleepers. Who does City Council think pays Scarboro's taxes?

EMD's 1000-HP SWITCHER, the SW-1001, is the only "railroad-sized" goat available on today's market. "Railroad-sized" generally means about 125 tons or more, to differentiate between industrial units put out by GE and Fate-Root-Heath (Plymouth). The SW-1001 was introduced in October, 1968, as a "close clearance' version of the SW-1000. Both models feature the same non-turbocharged 1000-hp 8-cylindered 645 engine, with DC transmission.

SW-1000 is 15'0" high, while SW-1001 is 14'3", even less than the old model SW-1200, which is 14'6½". The SW-1001 gets its low profile from the older-style rounded-roof cab, with a single set of bypass windows in each side. The massive-looking "control tower" cab of the SW-1000/1500 is easily separated from the smaller SW-1001 cab. Louvres ahead of the cab on the hood sides vary; either two long vertical rows, or two long vertical rows with a small vertical set between them.

The SW-1001 also has an angular bulge under the forward sand-compartment on both sides, which is unique to the model. Units are sold on both friction and roller bearings, with regular AAR switcher trucks. Optional flexicoils are available, but this option would seem inconsistent with the intended use of SW-1001 as a strict switcher. Like SW-1000, it has a single-stack, end-cab, large-air-intake grill on top of the forward hood, single-piece V-shaped headlight, and class light assembly on front of hood (old style cab does not carry this assembly at rear, which differs from SW-1000), and room for a 600- to 900-gallon fuel tank. SW-1001 has a third-shorter radiator grill and less space between trucks and frame, which limits the maximum fuel tank to 900 gallons (SW-1000 can carry a max. of 1100 gallons). SW-1001, still in production, has sold 115 units (as of October, 1975) to 25 customers, most of them private industries.

## Gathering Data on SDP-40F

ACTING on numerous complaints from BLE members that Amtrak SDP-40F locomotives bounce, wallow, sway and yaw to degrees considered dangerous by many locomotive engineers, Federal Railroad Administration motive power and equipment inspectors have been directed to make it a point to ride on these units, interview thecrews, and report to the head of the FRA's Office of Safety on what they find.

The memorandum that went out to all FRA regional directors concerning these locomotives was authored by R.H. Wright, acting administrator of the Office of Safety, who earlier showed his concern for the facts by personally riding on several of the units.

*The Locomotive Engineer,* from which we reprint this information, published, a copy of Wright's memo to the regional directors, as follows:

In view of the numerous complaints that we have had on Amtrak's SDP-40 locomotives. I would be most interested in having your MP&E Supervisors ride some of these Amtrak passenger locomotives over the next several weeks and note and report to me on ride problems encountered. As you may know, these engines have been under severe criticism for hard riding and for high amplitude vertical bounce over certain types of track.

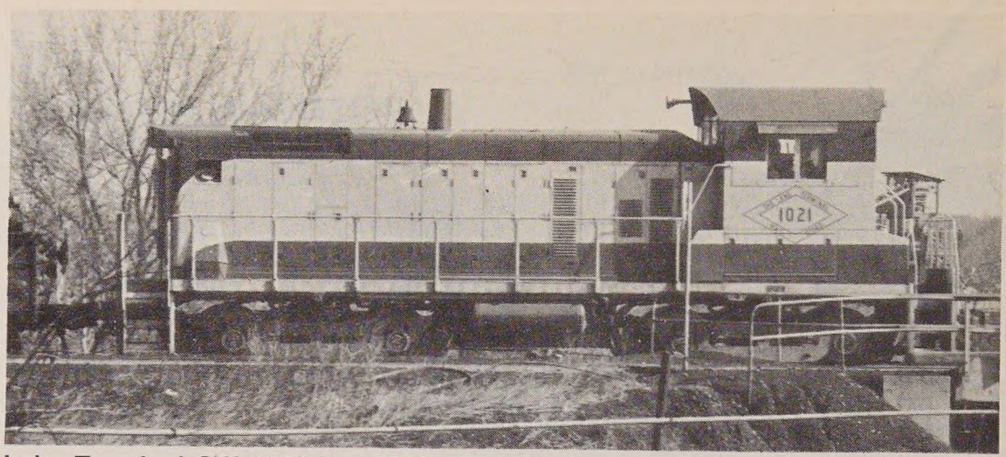
I would appreciate it if you would also have your

Southern 1st No. 159 with 166 cars and five F-7's, growls upgrade at 15mph at Shelton, N.C., in November '70. No. 6706, built as an F-3A in 1947, has been upgraded to F-7 rating, but retains her exterior F-3 grillwork and has extra air tanks on her roof. Bright autumn sun blots out subletterig of Alabama Great Southern. Sad but true is the fact that there are no freight F's left on SR today. Also a memory are the whistles of SR 1400's at crossing in background.
Curtis C. Tillotson, Jr., College Street, Oxford, N.C. 28565

MP&E people talk to the engine crews running these units, identifyig unit numbers of "hard riders" as well as noting particular locations in track which seem to cause the engines to react unfavorably.

I believe you will find that certain SD-40 and SD-45 EMD freight engines on various properties equipped with the HTC truck (those built after January 1972) behave similarly to the SDP-40. These type-2 units equipped with the HTC truck have a rubber suspension with all pinion gears on the same side of each of the trucks. If opportunity presents itself, your people might ride certain of these units to see if they compare similarly with the SDP-40 over the same track.

I will look forward to seeing reports from you on the locomotive rides and problems.



Lake Terminal SW-1000 No. 1021 shown at Lorain, Ohio 6, 1969, with roller-bearing AAR trucks, two long and one short louvre arrangement, and small fuel tank. LT is steel road.

Don Dover photo, X2200 South files

PAUL H. REISTRUP, Amtrack president taking the bull by the horns, rode unannounced on an SDP-40F to see for himself why engineers were complaining to the Brotherhood about them. He found conditions "nothing close to what I would call unsafe," although there was rough traveling over a section of track consisting of short rail lengths.

Reistrup rode over "good and not-so-good" track, mountains and flats, curves and tangents, at slow and "moderately high" speeds. He did not identify road or train, but my guess is C&O and the *Riley*. The engineer had written in with a complaint, but the loco had been "modified" by the time of Reistrup's trip. Reistrup left open "whatever can be done to improve the engines, if improvements are necessary," but did say that "In the future, new locomotives will be more specifically designed for passenger service". He asks the *Locomotive Engineer* freaders to report at once by telephone, or telex whenever they discover a "real safety hazard."

## A Few Jobs Open

TO ASSIST BLE members seeking jobs as safety inspectors, *The Locomotive Engineer* asked Asaph H. Hall, Federal Railroad Administrator, to clarify the procedure. Here as Mr. Hall's reply, reprinted from that publication:

I appreciate the opportunity to respond to your letter asking for information concernig the employment of railroad safety inspectors. These are critical jobs in the Federal Railroad Administration safety program and I want to be sure we obtain the best possible candidate.

In answer to your questions:

1. Fifteen railroad safety inspectors, including four trainees, were employed in the past year.

2. Many occupations were represented among the inspector's group. There were locomotive engineers, as well as two car foremen and two track supervisors. In addition, the FRA is benefiting from the experience of a former railroad fireman, assistant signal supervisor, roadmaster, and a district safety engineer. The trainees wee just starting in their careers, so they had attained no status in an occupation.

3. At the present time, the agency is actively recruiting for 17 safety inspector vacancies. Ten will be track inspectors, 5 will specialize in motive power and equipment, and one each will be occupied with hazardous materials and railroad operating practices.

4. There are two parts in response to your inquiry on the steps BLE members can take in order to have applications considered. They must realize all vacancies are filled through competitive civil service procedures which include selection from a list of eligible candidates maintained by the U.S. Civil Service Commission.

(a) An applicant must complete the civil service application form for federal employment and submit the form to the Civil Service Commission. Interested applicants can obtain additional information from the regional Federal Job Information Centers—the numbers are listed in the telephone directory. An important note: the railroad safety inspector positions are identified as Mid-Level Examination, Code 187.

(b) The procedure I have just outlined, however, is expected to be streamlined and simplified soon. The Civil Service Commission is working with the FRA to develop a nationwide register of eligible candidates for these jobs. The Commission will notify your paper and other interested publications with details as soon as they are completed.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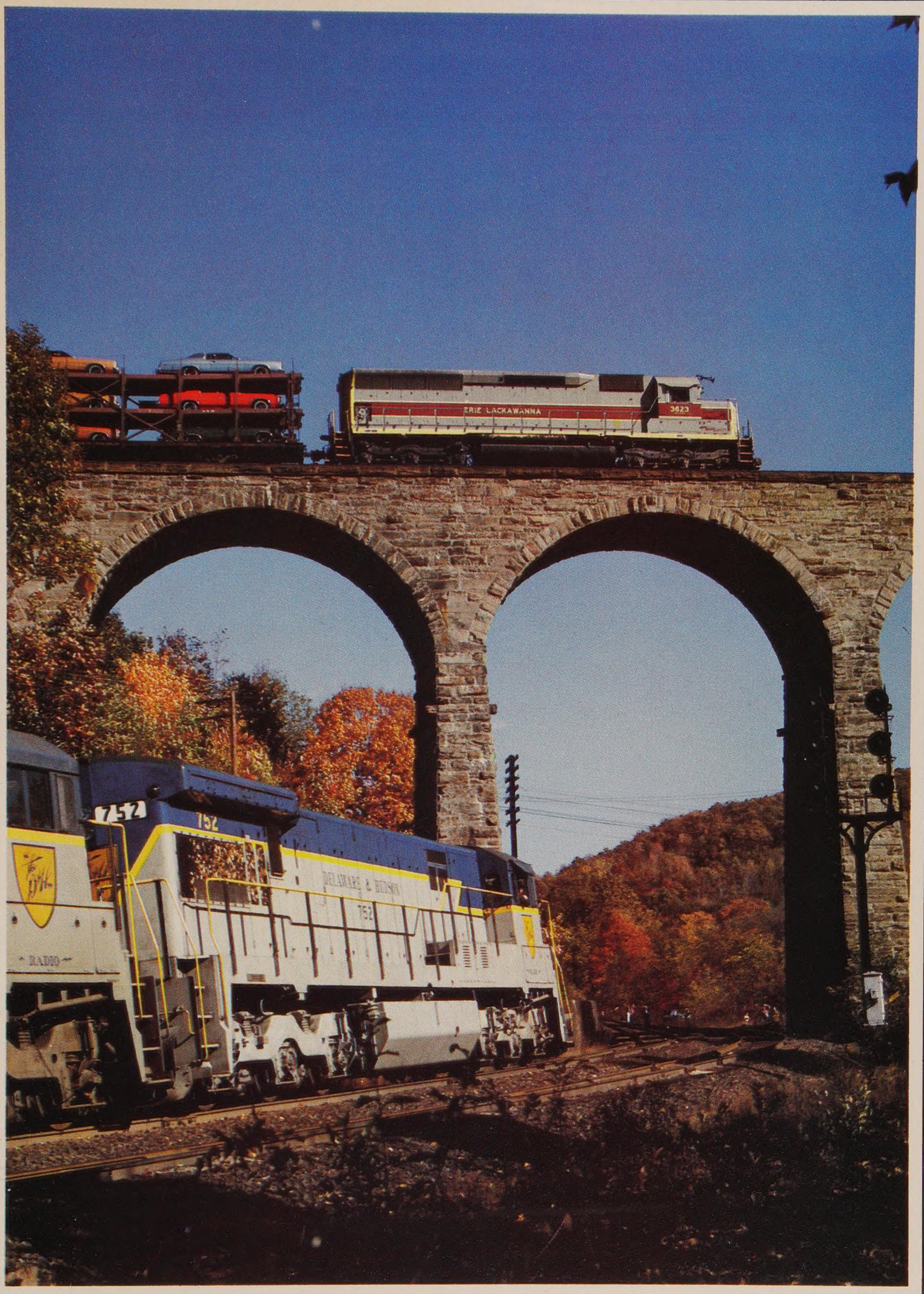
CONTINUE sending diesel news to me at 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240. •

At right we see the Erie Lackawanna 3623 and Delaware & Hudson 752, ex-EL 3302, in delightful railfan's meet at storied old Starrucca Viaduct, Lanesboro, Pa.

Tom Trencansky, 190 Lower Creek Rd. Apt. 85 RD 7, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850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